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THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.  
MEMOIRS OF M. DE.  
VOLTAIRE.





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17 Dec 52 *Shoem*



Charles Jermyn Bond, Esq; of Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk.

John Dighton, Esq; Solicitor, at his house in Chancery-lane.

Lieut. Gen. Huske, Governor of Jersey, and Colonel of the regiment of Welch Fusiliers, at his house in Albemarle-street, of a mortification in his foot, aged near 80. He received several wounds in the actions at Dettingen, La Val, and Fontenoy, and greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Culloden. He served under the Duke of Marlborough during Queen Anne's wars, and raised himself by his merit.—He has left 5000l. to a servant who attended him in all the battles he was in, and considerable legacies to every servant under him.

Mr. Hoddy, in Bolton-street, one of the Gentlemen Porters to his Majesty.

Mr. Fearn, gold beater, at the corner of the Great Old-Baily; he went to bed the night before seemingly in good health.

Mr. Randal Wickstead, an eminent stocking-trimmer, at his house in Phoenix-court, near Newgate.

The Lady of Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart. of Bunny-park in Nottinghamshire.

William Sunderby, Esq; at his brother's at Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire: the cause of his death was owing to a fall he received from his horse in hunting.

The Hon. Lady Jane Cooke, at Bath, nearly related to the late Duke of Wharton. She has left an estate of upwards of 4000l. per annum, and 10,000l. in ready money, to Miss Draycot.

The Rev. Mr. Gilbert, an eminent dissenting Minister in Northampton.

The Rev. Mr. Cockshut, Rector of Kegworth in the same county.

George Murray, Esq; at his lodgings near the Haymarket.

Mr. Kemp, a builder, in Castle-street Cavendish-square.

The Rev. Mr. John Lowth, Rector of Middleton Caynes in Buckinghamshire.

Mr. Negus, in Basinghall-street, many years beadle of Basinghall-ward.

The Right Hon. Lord Peter Beauclerk, uncle to the Duke of St. Alban's, and Member of Parliament for Thetford in Norfolk, which he represented in several Parliaments, suddenly, at his apartments in Somerset-house, after being at court at St. James's, and eating his dinner.

Mr. Abraham, Moses, formerly a merchant of this city, at Streatham.

The Rev. Dr. Stephen Hales, F. R. S. in the 83d year of his age, Clerk of the closet to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, and Minister of Teddington.

Mr. Samuel Shaw, at Croydon, corn-factor, of this city.

Mr. Charles Cottrell, at Philadelphia, aged 120 years; and three days after, his wife, aged 115. This couple lived together in the marriage state 98 years, in great union and harmony.

Mrs. Pearce, aged 93, relict of the late Thomas Pearce, of Little Ealing in Middlesex, Esq; who was father to the present Lord Bishop of Rochester.

Thomas Clerke, Esq; Counsellor at law, at his house in Chancery lane.

Col. Brereton, in a very advanced age, at his house at Windsor.

Mrs. Ironside, housekeeper of Windsor castle; a place of considerable profit.

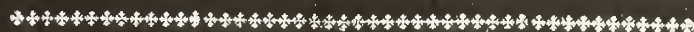
Mr. Christoph her Tieling, sugar-refiner, in Lemon-street, Goodman's fields.

Mr. Alderman Peach, at Northampton, aged 96, many years a considerable maltster in that town.

Richard Whitshed, Esq; he hath left his fortune between James Whitshed, Esq; and his brother Col. Whitshed.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR FEBRUARY, 1761.



MEMOIRS OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

HAT life which has been wholly employed in the study, is properly seen only in the author's writings; there is no variety to entertain, nor adventure to interest us in the calm anecdotes of such an existence. Cold criticism is all the reader must expect, instead of instructive history.

Voltaire however, may be justly exempted from the number of those obscure philosophers whose days have been passed between the fire-side and the easy chair; it is a doubt, whether he appears more remarkable for the busy incidents of his life, or the fine productions of his retirement. If we regard the variety of his adventures, we shall be surprized how he had time to study, and if we look into his voluminous and spirited productions, we shall be apt to conclude, that his whole employment was speculation.

The truth is, no man can more truly be said to have lived. There is hardly a period of his existence which is not crowded with incidents that characterize either the philosopher or the man of the world; no poet was ever more universally known than he. None more praised or more censured, possessed of more sincere friends or inveterate enemies.

Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire, of whom we are speaking, was born at Paris, the nineteenth of April 1695. His family was but mean, as his father was the maker of his own fortune. Jean Arouet was at first an usurer, in which employment,

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employment,





employment, by the most extreme parsimony, he saved as much as entitled him to follow the business of a public notary. Frugality in the lower orders of mankind, may be considered as a substitute to ambition; this old man was a miser with no other view; and when his circumstances permitted, he purchased a place under the government, of greffier du chatelet; which is equivalent to an under secretary with us. In this office he acquired a fortune of about five hundred pounds a year, and had interest sufficient to get his family ennobled, by having the title of DE added to the name of Voltaire.

As young Voltaire's father was, therefore, in easy circumstances, he was resolved to give his son the best education in his power, and accordingly at the usual age, put him under the care of the celebrated Porée, who, at that time, professed rhetoric and philosophy in one of the colleges of Paris. Voltaire quickly discovered a capacity equal to any task, but at the same time an utter aversion to all that wore the appearance of study. Enamoured with poetry and eloquence, yet shewing his love, by feeble efforts to imitate, rather than by a fondness of reading the models proposed to his admiration. This dislike of learning the polite arts by precept, the manner in which they are generally taught, made him appear to his fellow students, as endued with but a very ordinary capacity, nor did any of the assistant-masters view him in a light more advantageous. Porée, however, who was himself a man of genius, perceived in his pupil the sparks of latent fire, and saw with regret, for he loved the boy, that Voltaire was born a poet.

To prevent his pursuing an employment that generally points to misfortune, and which, at the greatest and best, is attended with painful preheminance, Porée thought proper to change the course of his pupil's studies. He deprived him of his favourite poets, Virgil and Sophocles, and put into his hands Euclid, Tully, and the System of Des Cartes, at that time much in fashion in France. But Voltaire seemed wound up to no other pursuit than that of poetry; he neglected severer studies, and was ridiculed for his backwardness in the sciences, by the whole university. The greatest genius can make no figure in philosophy without application, and application a young poet is ever averse to. The punishments of the academy, and the exhortations of his masters were insufficient to influence him; any thing that wore the face of industry, he carefully avoided, and wherever pleasure presented, he was foremost in the pursuit. In conducting a boy of so refractory a disposition, other masters would have redoubled their punishments,

ments, or discontinued their care; but Porée, who perceived that all his attempts to thwart Nature were to no effect, was at last resolved to indulge the genius of his pupil in his favourite pursuits, and to give that imagination a full liberty of dilating, which all his endeavours could not repress. I perceive, says he, that the youth will be miserable, in spite of all my efforts; he must be, what Nature has made him, a poet; let us then, since we cannot make him happy, endeavour to make him great.

And now the course of Voltaire's studies was changed once more; all the enchanting prospects of poetic ground, and all the invaluable treasures of antiquity, were opened before their youthful admirer. Few equalled, scarce any excelled, Porée in the proper methods of forming a poet. He exhibited to his pupil not only the finest models, but directed his efforts in imitating them; shewed him, that the true method of copying the antients, was to draw after Nature, and instructed him from the copious volume of mankind, of which a long acquaintance with the world had made him a perfect master. The whole college now began to turn their eyes with wonder, upon a boy they had before considered in the most despicable light; and Voltaire seemed to glory in his conscious superiority. There were four prizes generally distributed in the year, to the most deserving in the Belles Lettres; he had obtained three, and missed the fourth; however he was resolved to have all or none. Accordingly, rejecting the three which were offered him, he continued another year at college, until he should obtain the four, which he did with uncommon applause.

When he had passed the usual time at college, his father was resolved to remove him home, by which means he might at once have an opportunity of seeing the world, and finishing his education. The world was too dangerous a scene for a youth of passions as strong as his imagination, in love with pleasure, and, as yet, seeing human nature only on the pleasing side. But his father either not considering, or regardless of these precautions, gave him an apartment in his own house, and indulged him, though but a boy of fifteen, in a degree of liberty which others are not allowed till a more advanced age. The truth is, the old man mistook his son's knowledge for prudence, and imagined, that a lad so very wise in conversation, would be equally so in action. In this he was deceived; Voltaire was a youth of exquisite sensibility, and men of such dispositions generally feel pleasure with a double relish; he had a constitution though not strong, yet delicately pliant,





and such a disposition as inclined him to society. His visage, which was thin, might, at first view, have passed for indifferent, but when he spoke it caught ineffable graces; and his soul seemed beaming through his eyes. His stature was about middle size, and his person, upon the whole, not at all disagreeable. Thus furnished, our young poet launched out into all the excesses of refined debauchery. There are in every great city a set of battered beaus, who, too old for pleasure themselves, introduce every young fellow of spirit into what they call polite company. A kept mistress, an actress, or an opera dancer, generally compose the society. These are all perfectly skilled in the arts of coquetting, teach the young beginner how to make love; set his features, adjust his bow, and pick his pocket. Into such company as this Voltaire was quickly introduced, and they failed not, according to custom, to flatter him into an high opinion of his parts; and to praise his wit, though incapable of relishing its delicacy. Imagine a youth pleased with himself, and every thing about him, taking the lead in all conversation, giving a loose to every folly that happened to occur, uttering things which, when spoken, seemed to please, but which, upon reflection, appear'd false or trivial; such was the gay, thoughtless, good-natured Voltaire, in a circle of close designing beings, who approved his sallies from flattery, and not from their feelings; who despised his efforts to please, or enjoyed his folly with tacit malignity. His father saw, with concern, the company into which he was fallen; he knew, by experience, that to be a wit was the surest means of banishing friends and fortune; and saw, that his son, by striving after the character of an amusing member of society, was giving up all pretensions of being an useful one. Admonition he thought might be serviceable, and accordingly remonstrated very freely upon Voltaire's behaviour. No youth could receive advice with a better grace than he, or make more faithful promises of amendment. But he was now fallen in love with Mademoiselle G——n, the actress, and lost upon her bosom every domestic concern.

Mademoiselle G——n was extremely pretty, and though but low, finely shaped: possessed of a vivacity often more pleasing than true wit, she talked and looked tenderness, and sometimes enlivened conversation with a double entendre, which coming from pretty lips, is generally attended with the desired success. These were qualifications sufficient to captivate a person unacquainted with the world. Voltaire became enamoured, and took every opportunity of indulging the capricious

pricious, tho' expensive, desires of a woman since noted for ruining the fortunes of several of her admirers. Wherever pleasure was to be sold, our young poet and his mistress were first to raise the auction. Extravagance, however, soon brings on want and this threatened a separation. M. G——n had no other passion than that general one which women entertain for the opposite sex, any other man equally good-natured, open and simple, would have been equally agreeable with Voltaire; she therefore felt no pain in the thoughts of separation. But it was quite otherwise with her youthful admirer; he entertained romantic ideas of the sex, considered woman as generally described in books, and looked upon beauty as the transparent covering of virtue. The apprehension, therefore, of being obliged to part, gave him no small uneasiness. The more this apprehension increased, the more diligent he was in contriving means to satisfy her rapacity. He had already extorted money from his father by various pretences; but this resource now began to fail him. His mistress had frequently assured him, that it was polite to deceive the old man, that comedy every day afforded instances of this laudable disobedience, and often intimated, that money must be supplied, or love discontinued. What was to be done in such a dilemma? To subdue his passions, was a task he was as yet quite unacquainted with; he was resolved, therefore, to add one falsehood more to his former account. In pursuance of this resolution, he gravely assured his father, that the cardinal Polignac, who was employed by the court of France, to adjust the plan of pacification at Utrecht, had consented to take him in his retinue. And as it was proper to appear genteelly on such an occasion, our adventurer requested an hundred pounds for his equipment, promising to regulate his future conduct by the strictest prudence. The old man was the more inclined to believe this story, as it was a place he had been soliciting for his son, some time before, he therefore advanced the money, and Voltaire, rejoicing in the success of his stratagem, flew to share his joy and his acquisition with his charming deluder.

I am not insensible, that by recounting these trifling particulars of a great man's life, I may be accused of being myself a trisler; but such circumstances as these generally best mark a character. These youthful follies, like the fermentation of liquors often disturb the mind only in order to its future refinement. A life spent in phlegmatic apathy, resembles those liquors which never ferment, and are consequently always muddy. Let this then be my excuse, if I mention any thing that seems derogatory from Voltaire's character, which will be found





found composed of little vices, and great virtues. Besides, it is not here intended, either to compose a panegyric or draw up an invective; truth only is my aim; an impartial view of his history may shew him guilty of some errors, but it will at last, turn the ballance greatly in his favour.

[ To be continued. ]

### Feyjoo's Defence of Women. [concluded.]

Let the women know therefore, that they are not inferior to the men in their understandings: upon this they will enter the lists with confidence, and will considerably take off the edge of their antagonists sophistry, where under the cloke of reason these last disguise their unreasonableness; if a woman was to be once persuaded, that a man, in respect to her, is an oracle, she would then give an attentive ear to the basest proposal, and would reverence, as an infallible truth, the most notorious falsity. 'Tis well known to what habitudes those hereticks, whom we call Molenists have reduced women, who before were very virtuous. From whence did such perversion arise, but from the imagination that in this sect there were some men of superior lights, and from having too great a distrust in their own understandings, when this last was representing to them very clearly the falsity of those venomous maxims.

There is another consideration of very great importance in this matter. It is certain that a person yields more easily to that other whom he acknowledges some notable advantage. One man submits without violence to another, because he is more noble than himself; but he would do this with excessive repugnance, if they were both of equal quality. The same thing happens in our case, if the woman mistakes that man is of the more noble sex of the two, and that she in her own is an inconsiderable animal, imperfect, and of little account, she will not look upon it as a disgrace to yield herself; and the flattery of obsequiousness being added to this, she will repute for glory what is meer ignominy. Let a woman therefore know her own dignity, as St. Leon preached up to the men. Let her know that there is no advantage at all in our sex over her own, and that therefore it will be always vile and scandalous in her to allow man any dominion over her body, but then only, when the sanctity of matrimony authorizes it.

Nay

Nay I have not yet mentioned all the advantage there is, as to the moral, in extricating both men and women out of the mistake they are under, concerning the inequality of the two sexes. I firmly believe, that this error is the occasion of infinite adulteries in families. It looks perhaps as if I had embarrassed myself with so strange a paradox, but it is nothing but an evident truth. Lend your attention therefore.

In a few months after the affections of two persons have been united together in the bonds of matrimony, the woman loses that esteem, which she at first conceived for a valuable man newly possessed by her. The man from tenderness passes to a lukewarmness: and this lukewarmness many times comes to end in a slighting and an absolute disesteem. When the husband is once arrived at so vitious an extremum as this, he begins to triumph over and insult his wife, under the notion of the advantages which he imagines he has in the superiority of his sex: for as he has been already pre-instructed in those maxims which teach, that the woman, who knows most, knows no more than a boy of fourteen years of age, that it is to no purpose to look for brains in that sex, nor prudence, nor any thing else of this kind, all which he observes in abundance in his own, he treats her therefore with the utmost contempt. In such a state as this all that the poor woman thinks is a meer delirium, all that she speaks is nonsense, all that she does is wrong. The attractions of her beauty, if she has any, are now of no more service to her, because the security of possession has abated the value of them. This is a spell that is now at an end. All that the husband remembers is, that woman is an imperfect animal; and if she neglects herself, though her face were never so handsome, he will be sure to upbraid her as if she was nothing but a heap of imperfection.

Under this state of mortification is the unhappy woman, when some rake begins to cast desirable glances at her: and to one become desperate in seeing at all hours nothing but a frowning countenance, it is natural, that a smiling face should appear extremely agreeable. This is a ground sufficient to promote a conversation. In this conversation she hears nothing that does not flatter her fancy, before, she heard nothing but disdainful reproaches, but now she is not addressed but with adoration. Before, she was treated as if less than a woman, but now she sees herself elevated to the sphere of divinity. She was told before that she was a silly creature, now she hears that she has a more than human understanding. In the mouth of her husband she was all imperfection, but in that





The Rev. Mr. Ashburnham, brother to the Bishop of Chichester, to the Prebend of Ferring in that cathedral.

The Rev. Mr. Wigley, senior Fellow of Christ-college, to the rectory of Chegworth in Leicestershire.

The Rev. Mr. Toller, to the living of Cocking Hatley in Cambridge-shire.

*A list of Births.*

The Right Hon. the Countess of Egmont, of a daughter, at the Earl's house in St. James's square.

The Hon. Lady Charlotte Murray, wife of John Murray, of Strowan, Esq; of a son, at the Duke of Athol's house at Dunkeld.

*A list of Marriages.*

The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Barrington, brother to the Lord Viscount Barrington, to the Right Hon. the Lady Diana Beauclerk, sister, to his Grace the Duke of St. Albans.

The Rev. Mr. Humphreys, Vicar of Colterne in Wiltshire, and Lecturer of Pancras, to Miss Heath, daughter of the late Bailly Heath, Esq; of Stanstead in Essex.

Daniel Faulkner, Esq; to Miss Faure, of Old Burlington-street.

Mr. Law, bookseller, in Ave-Mary-lane, to Miss Owen, of Aldermanbury.

Henry Northcote, Esq; of the third regiment of foot guards, (second son of the late Sir Henry Northcote, of Pines Bart.) to Miss Searle, of Exeter.

Mr. Edwards, late of Middlewich in Cheshire, to Miss Rogers, daughter of Richard Rogers, Esq; of the Plantation-office.

Robert Palk, Esq; Governor of Fort St. George in the East-Indies, to Miss Anne Vanfittart, sister of Arthur Vanfittart, Esq; one of the Representatives for the county of Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Commeline, Vicar of Haresfield, Gloucestershire, and Rector of Draycott Foliat, Wilts, to Miss Gythens, of Bristol.

*A list of Deaths.*

Cotten Dent, Esq; first Captain of the Royal hospital at Greenwich, and many years a Captain in the navy.

Mr. Israel Wilkes, malt distiller, in St. John's-street.

Mr. John Henley, mercer, Cheapside.

Mr. Peter Flower, of the small pox, an eminent Exchange and stock broker of this city, at Bethnal-green.

Major Morris, of the Queen's royal regiment of foot, in garrison at Limerick.

Mr. M'Carty, first Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship Royal Sovereign.

Mrs. Ongley, relict of William Ongley, Esq; formerly Member of Parliament for the town of Bedford.

James-Maffey, Esq; at his house in Old Broad-street.

Mrs. Pocock, mother to Vice-Admiral Pocock, in an advanced age.

Lady Frankland, relict of the late Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. Her Ladyship was just returned from Italy.

Mr. Arthur Walters, formerly a mercer in Ludgate-street, in an apoplectic fit, in a wood near his own house, where he went a shooting.

Mr. James Hayden, a Spanish merchant.

Mrs. Gastrell, relict of the late Bishop of Chester.

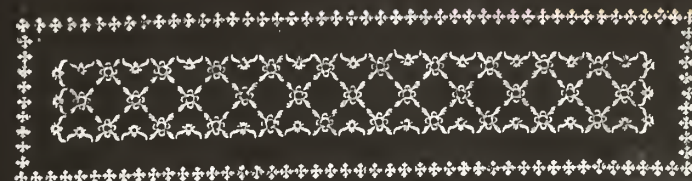
George Woolley, Esq; Cashier of the South-sea house: he has left the bulk of his fortune to his relations, and all his household furniture, &c. with an annuity of 50l. for her life, to his housekeeper, who had lived with him upwards of twenty years.

The Hon. Major-general George Rickets, aged 76, at Jamaica.

Master Thomas Stone, the only son of Andrew Stone, at his father's house in Privy-garden, Whitehall.

Mr. James Parker, merchant, at Ponty pool in Monmouthshire.

Benjamin Cleve, Esq; at his house in Wood-street, Cheapside: he was Governor of the hospitals of Christ, St. Bartholomew, Bridewell, and Bethlem.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR MARCH, 1761.



The Life of VOLTAIRE. [continued]

UT to proceed; in a few days the old man began to testify some uneasiness at seeing his son make no preparations for his intended journey; but lost all patience when he found that the cardinal had set out, and left him behind. He had for some time known his correspondence with Mademoiselle G——n, and conjectured, that her apartment would be the most likely place to find him. He accordingly went to her house, and finding the door by accident open, enter'd without ceremony.—When, unfortunately, the first figure that presented was young Voltaire coming down stairs, pale and emaciated both by his apprehensions and debauchery. The father being resolv'd upon the severest correction, with his cane in his hand, pursued the delinquent up stairs. Voltaire now saw that a drubbing was inevitable, and therefore thought it the best way, if possible, to divert his father's anger by a jest. Accordingly when he had ran up to the third story, drawing his sword, he cried out to his father, who was not yet got up to the second, Sir, you must excuse me, if I consider our relationship now at an end\*, for we are at least three removes asunder.

His father, however, in his present disposition, could by no means relish a jest; he desisted from his pursuit, but went di-

\* In French it runs thus: *Au troisieme degre je ne connois pas de parens.* The pun is lost in English.





rectly away, meditating a much severer punishment. Voltaire, who thought the storm was over, went down to laugh away his fright with his mistress; the young lovers began to be extremely facetious upon the awkward chagrin of the old man.—But their mirth was soon interrupted by a file of musqueteers, who came to conduct our poet to the Bastille, for having drawn his sword upon his father.—This was an early initiation into misery; to be snatched from the arms of an alluring mistress, and be confined in a gloomy prison, without fire, candle, pen, or ink, was a reverse of fortune which might throw a damp upon men of an ordinary degree of fortitude: but Voltaire bore it with an air that shew'd the utmost resolution. He entered his prison with the most chearful serenity, repeating from his favourite Poets such passages as were applicable to his circumstances. On such occasions of distress, perhaps, the Poet has the advantage of all others, when forsaken by society, the muse administers her friendly consolation, and softens even the horrors of confinement. A bit of red chalk was all that Voltaire had to serve instead of a pen, and the white walls of his prison supplied the place of paper: yet even with these rude materials he sketched out the first canto of his *Henriade*, a poem too well known to require an elogy. The traces of his pencil are, to this day, preserved in the chamber to which he was confined, with as much veneration as the paintings of Raphael in the galleries of the curious.

When he had remained three weeks in prison, his father, who had taken this severe method only in order to his reformation, was appeased, and the delinquent was again admitted into favour. It is a doubt, whether the incident of his imprisonment was more fortunate for him, or beneficial to the public. His intrepid behaviour soon gained him the notice of the great, his confinement turned his mind, which was wholly dissipated on pleasure, from debauchery to ambition, and gave the world one of the greatest poets that any age has produced.

He now prepared in good earnest to follow the cardinal Polignac to Utrecht, and some recommendatory letters which his father's interest had procured, gave him reason to expect a favourable reception from his excellency. Accordingly, without taking leave of the companions of his debauchery, even without bidding his mistress adieu, he set out upon his journey, and arriving at Utrecht, presented his letters of recommendation to the cardinal. Polignac was one of the deepest scholars, and the most refined politicians of the age. His *Anti-Lucretius* is sufficient to establish his character as one of the first in the literary world; and his address at the treaty of Utrecht, fully evinces his

his skill in the business of the cabinet. He was particularly remarkable for reading every man's real character, upon the slightest acquaintance; and notwithstanding all our young poet's precautions, this penetrating politician quickly perceived his violent attachment to pleasure: yet, notwithstanding Voltaire had sufficient address to become a favourite, and scarce a day passed in which the cardinal did not spend some time in conversation with his gay libertine, for so he was pleased to call him. Madame Du Noyer relates some of the intrigues for which Voltaire was remarkable at Utrecht, but as they contain little more than what every reader may suggest, viz. his making love, and his address being crown'd with success: I shall pass them by, particularly as he himself, more than once, avows the falsehood of all that his female biographer has been pleased to say of him.

Upon his return to Paris, he had again an apartment in his father's house; here he united the characters of the man of pleasure, and the philosopher; dedicated the morning to study, and the evening to society.—His companions now were very different from those he had sometime before associated with; he began to have a reputation for genius; and some of the politest of either sex in Paris, were pleased to admit him among the number of their intimates.

Our poet had always a desire of thinking differently from others, every opinion, was generally receiv'd as true.—He was particularly fond of controverting, and often mistook paradox for refinement. Of this fault he was more guilty in youth than in riper age, for it was about this time that he thought proper to confine himself to his chamber, to draw up a new system of religion, and abolish the old. He had been employ'd thus, six or seven days; when his father, surpriz'd at his keeping his chamber so closely, thought proper to enter and enquire the reason. When he perceived how the youth was employed, he was almost unable to suppress his astonishment; but recollecting that it was impossible to convince, by reason, a vain young man, who neither had patience, nor perhaps abilities for a slow and painful investigation, he was resolv'd to act, if possible, upon his passions.

Accordingly, taking his son by the hand, he led him into his own apartment, and there [pointing to a large crucifix, exquisitely painted, which hung at one end of the room] my son, said he, you would alter the religion of your country,—Behold the fate of a reformer. This seasonable remonstrance had the desired success; he laid by his controversial pieces, and turn'd to a subject of which he was much more capable. Fired with a





love of antiquity, as he himself informs us; he was resolved to modernize the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, of Sophocles; and try how a subject which Aristotle has asserted to be the fittest for tragedy, could do upon the French Theatre: they had hitherto seen not more than one or two tragedies on their stage, without a love plot; and upon that, all the other incidents generally turn'd. It was therefore an hardy undertaking in so very young a man, to introduce Grecian severity, and shew his countrymen that an instructive and interesting performance, without that effeminating passion, could be adapted even to the stage of a people who made love one of their most serious employments. This play was acted in the beginning of the year 1718. The public received it with the utmost indulgence; it was play'd several nights without intermission, and still continues to be performed with the highest applause. The author, however, has always been so modest, as to attribute its success to the greatness of the subject, and the excellence of the performers, rather than to the merit of the poet. The critics were divided in their judgement of this piece; some regarded it as too declamatory, and endeavoured to shew, which indeed was no difficult task, how much the Grecian tragedy was superior: others considered it as the first fruits of a young aspiring genius, were pleased with the harmony and correctness of the versification and the classic propriety which ran thro' the whole. Among this number was Madame Du Châtelier, a lady equally famous for wit and learning, perhaps still more known by her connections with our poet, and for the variety of beautiful poems which he has address'd to her: her apartments might have justly been stiled the tribunal of criticism; for they were every day frequented by all whose wit or learning gave them any eminence in the literary world. She took the poet under her protection; and those critics, whom her wit could not bring over to his interests, became profelytes to her beauty. In short, Voltaire owed his first rise to her; and she perhaps owes to him immortality. However, tho' the majority of critics were for him, there were still some refractory. Pere Folard, and M de la Motte of the French academy, were of the number; the one remarkable for his learning, the other for the fineness of his genius, and skill in criticism.—They were the reputed authors of several anonymous strictures which were published against the *Oedipus* of Voltaire; nor did they seem very studious to decline the imputation; tho' formerly professing themselves among the number of his friends: men of the first rank in literature, often like the old trees in a forest, keep off those beams of favour from the younger shoots, which are, perhaps, of their own pro-

production. De la Motte either envying this applause of our poet, or chusing to enjoy the public favour without a rival, was resolv'd to shew the indifference of Voltaire's performance, rather by example than criticism; and accordingly wrote a tragedy upon the very same subject. From the endeavours of a man of established reputation, like him, much was expected; particularly as he had the errors of Mr. Voltaire before him, to avoid, and his excellencies which he might improve.—The town expected with impatience to compare those efforts of contending genius, and their curiosity was at last gratified. La Motte's performance appeared with a large party to support it; and it accordingly met the fate of all plays which are supported by party: it languished four nights, and then sunk into oblivion. This was a conquest Voltaire's most sanguine hopes could not have suggested: however, such was his ambition, that he was not only contented with victory, but was resolved to triumph; not satisfied with enjoying the fruits of conquest, but bent upon proclaiming himself conqueror. This indeed was a fault of which he was always culpable; no person ever gained the victory in literary contentions, so often as he has done, but while he pursued his advantages too far, he turned his opponents into enemies, and when they could no longer lessen his reputation as a wit, they often strove to blacken his character as a man. He found the majority now wholly on his side, he saw that none praised the tragedy of La Motte, but such as were attached by private connections to his person: in order then to insure his success, he was determined to shew that his rival was his inferior, not only in poetry but in criticism also; for a skill in which he had, till now, been particularly remarkable; La Motte, had wrote an essay against the rules of the Drama, in which he endeavoured to shew that its laws had been established, not from nature, but caprice, from fashion and not from feelings. This Voltaire undertook to answer, which, as it is both a fine piece of criticism, and an instance of the delicacy with which this great man has treated his opponent, I shall beg leave to translate.

“ I shall not presume to speak of the tragedies of either Pere Folard, or M de la Motte, either my censures or my praises would appear equally suspicious. I am still farther from bestowing any thing like panegyric upon my own, being convinced that rules alone never made a genius.—Conscious I am, that all the fine reasoning and delicate remark that have been exhausted, of late years, upon this subject, are not equal to one single scene dictated by a fine imagination.—There is more to be learned from reading one of the tragedies of Corneille





neille or Racine, than from all the precepts of the Abbe d' Aubignac. All the books composed by Connoisseurs, upon the art of painting, convey not half the instructions of a single head, which has come from the pencil of Angelo or Raphael.

[ *To be continued.* ]

A SPEECH which was Made by the KING OF PRUSSIA, to the Hereditary PRINCE OF HESSE-CASSEL, upon his Conversion to the ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION.

YOU must be sensible, my dear prince, that it was with infinite concern I received the news of your changing your religion. Alas! it was easy to foresee all the inconveniencies which have since been the result. I have been entreated to speak to you on the subject; however, I don't know that as the business is concluded, whether it be prudence to insist upon it more.—Good God! what motive could have determined you to such a step? certain I am, my dear cousin, that had you considered how much it would have afflicted your aged father, your loving spouse, your future subjects, and, in general, all the Protestant powers of Europe; you would never have been guilty of such imprudence.—No, surely, no reason could be sufficient to induce a heart impressed with humanity and honour, thus to forfeit the love of his friends, the confidence of his subjects, and the esteem of the public. I am very sensible that when a man considers eternal salvation; all things in this life are trifles in his eye; but surely salvation is not circumscribed within such narrow limits as you confine it to? surely it is impossible that God should make human happiness depend only on external circumstances.

Priests dispute, and dogmatize, and mutually brand each other with calumny: the Christian only labours to love God and his neighbour, without submitting his reason to the decision of a pope or a council. The Christian admits of no other tribunal but truth, and Heaven will never recompense opinions, or creeds examine, and you will find all the bad consequences of the catholic religion. They are so manifest, that while you prefer the pleasure of reasoning upon God, to the satisfaction of loving him, you will still want something to wish, and something to do.

Besides

Besides all this, if I were in your place, I would have said to myself, it is impossible that God can desire that I should be saved by a conduct which contributes to render my family miserable, and wounds my most sacred connexions.

Notwithstanding, I fancy I understand the motives which have induced you to this wrong step. In youth we are apt to be guilty of numberless absurdities: my own experience may serve as an example and argument. The time comes in which those faults are to be repented of; a tender conscience draws up the charge with aggravation: you thus endeavour to calm its remonstrance. Folks are at hand to assure you that God will ratify the absolution of a priest, who lays his hand upon your head, (an easy method this of being saved). This method is sure to be chosen; it is too flattering for to give time to reflect upon its uncertainty, the convert scarce allows himself an opportunity of doubting.

( Here the Prince interrupted the King; but His Majesty refusing the subject, proceeded. )

Very well; I grant you know the merit of that absolution, which has thus eased your mind and encreased your zeal; yet if it be good, they have sold it you sufficiently dear. The very mouths, which now pronounce a blessing, would be loud in excommunications should you for the future offer to disobey. They must be permitted to rule uncontrolled over every conscience, and forge chains for your subjects and you. This, this will be a source of numberless calamities. The arts of the Catholic priesthood are too well known. Keep a strict watch upon the snares they shall spread to enthrall you. Consult truth; hearken to the sentiments of your own heart; observe the dictates of honour, and a conscience uncontaminated with superstition. You already cannot blame the members who compose the Evangelic body for taking necessary precautions to obviate the pernicious effects of a Prince's conduct, who seems led by his clergy; a Prince whom, for the future, few can confide in. The priesthood only will be governors with you. These consequences have been feared, and I must own they have been guarded against in a manner that must be very mortifying to a mind possessed of any sensibility. Your hands have been tied, and I wish you had not made such a step necessary. Think then while it is time, and endeavour to throw off those bonds, which terror taught you to put on, and which may prove fatal to more sovereigns than yourself. Think upon it my cousin; and if my sincerity has gone too far, be assured that friendship was my only motive.

Effects





park; when a draught of twenty-six men out of each company was made, in order to be sent to Germany.

*Sunday 21.*

This day the East-India company received the disagreeable news, that the Ajax, Capt. Lindsay, homeward bound from Bengal, was taken by a French frigate, off Cape Clear, after a smart engagement, and carried into Brest: she had on board a large quantity of diamonds, silk, muslin, and other valuable effects. There is some anxiety for the Denham, Indiaman, she sailing from Bencoolen before the Ajax sailed from Bengal, and has not since been heard of.

*Thursday 26.*

Last night two young fellows, quarrelling at Marybone, went out to try their manhood in the fields, when one of them, whose name was Alfop, a cow-keeper's son, was killed on the spot.

*A list of Promotions.*

The Right Hon. the Earl of Bute is appointed to be one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

*St James's, March 20.* His Majesty in council was this day pleased to declare the Right hon. George Dunk Earl of Halifax, Lieutenant-General and General Governor of his Majesty's kingdom of Ireland.

The Right Hon. Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart. to be one of his Majesty's most Hon. privy-council.

The Marquis of Granby to be lieutenant general of the ordnance.

To Charles Frederick, Esq; the office of master-surveyor of the ordnance.

To William Rawlinson Earl, Esq; the office of clerk of the ordnance.

To Andrew Wilkinson, Esq; the office of keeper of ordnance stores.

To Charles Cocks, Esq; the office of clerk of the deliveries of ordnance.

*A list of Preferments.*

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Kendall, Vicar of Althorne in Essex, to the

rectory of Little Chishall, in the same county.

Richard Chase, clerk to the rectory of Ilkershall St. John (a sine cure) with the perpetual curacy annexed, in Suffolk.

Samuel Rolt, clerk to the rectory of Croxton, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. George Morrison, M. A. chaplain to the Earl of Eastwood, Essex, with the rectory of Stanton-Magna in the same county.

*A List of Marriages.*

John Scott, Esq; Adjutant of the Flintshire militia, to Mrs. Newham of King-street, Cheapside.

Capt. Collins of the royal regiment of artillery, at Woolwich, to Miss Sally Pomeroy, of the same place.

The Rev. Mr. Harris, Vicar of Hornchurch, to Miss Belford, of Maidstone.

*A List of Deaths.*

Mr. Fisher, of Jesus College, Oxford, and Register of that university, aged 70.

The Right Hon. the Lady Viscountess Hinchinbrook, mother to the present Earl of Sandwich, at her house in Charles-street, Berkley-square.

George Napier, Esq; a Russia merchant of this city, at his house in Allen's-court, Leadenhall-street.

James Pattison, Esq; formerly merchant of this city, at Plumsted in Kent.

Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, aged 103, and retained her senses to the last.

Peter Walker, Esq; brother to Thomas Walker, Esq; member of Parliament for Westlow in Cornwall.

Joseph Ayliffe, Esq; many years deputy of Queenhithe ward, and father-in-law to Mr. Deputy Ryly.

Captain Dupies, Provost to the army in Flanders, at his house in Cannon-row, Westminster.

Thomas Hall, Esq; one of the commissioners of the Navy.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1761.

## The Life of VOLTAIRE. [continued]

THE principles of all arts, which depend upon the imagination, are easy and simple, equally founded in nature and in reason. The best and worst poets have compos'd upon the same; they have both us'd similar materials; and the difference only lies in their application. The same thing happens in music; and even in painting.—Poussin is directed by the very rules which conduct the most wretched dauber. It is as needless, therefore, in a poet, to attempt to prejudice the public, in favour of his performance, by introductory criticism, as it would be in a painter, or musician, to lay down rules to prove that the spectators, or the audience must be pleas'd with their respective performances.

However, as M de la Motte has thought proper to establish rules different from those which have conducted our great masters in the art of poetry, it is but just to defend the laws of antiquity; not, indeed, because they are ancient, but because they are natural and useful; and also as they are in some danger from so formidable an opponent.

This gentleman begins with proscribing the unities of action, time, and place. Those are so united with each other, that he who combats one, attacks them all.

The French were the first among the moderns, who revived the laws of the Drama; the neighbouring nations were long

D d d before





before they could be brought to submit to a restraint which seemed so severe.—But as this restraint proceeded from Nature, and reason taught them the justice of the compliance, in time they were brought to submit. At present, even in England: their poets are fond of informing the public, in their prefaces, that the time of the action and the representation are equal, and they are even more strict in this particular than us who have been their masters.

Every country now begins to regard those times as barbarous; when the laws of the stage were either not practiced or not known. Shakspere and Lopez de Vega, are admired, but not imitated. All are ready to pay France their acknowledgements for having pointed out this just and natural simplicity.—Who would have thought that a Frenchman should be the first to introduce again primeval barbarity.

Tho' I had no other answer to make to M. La Motte, but that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Addison, Congreve, and Maffei, have all observed the rules of the Drama; this alone might be sufficient to silence my opponent, but M de la Motte deserves to be opposed with reasons and not by authorities.

A tragedy or comedy has been defined the representation of one action: should it be demanded, why of one only, and not of two or three together, the reasons are obvious. Either the mind is incapable of attending to two or three objects at once, or because our concern in the events is lessened by being divided, or because we are displeased to see two actions in the same picture. Uniformity is a constituent of beauty, imprinted on our souls by Nature, and all the efforts of art excell as they imitate the models she draws.

For these reasons unity of Place is also essential, for one and the same action cannot be transacted in different places at the same time. If the personages, whom I behold in the first act, are at Athens, how can they be at Persia, in the second? Le Brun has not painted Alexander at Arbela; and in the Indies on the same canvas.—But, says M de la Motte, "There is nothing surprizing, if a nation which has not studied itself into a fondness, for rule, should be pleased at the representation of Coriolanus, condemn'd at Rome in the first act, received among the Volscians in the third, and besieging Rome in the fourth." Yet, why should a sensible people be so much against those rules, which are made only for their pleasure? Are there not in a subject thus conducted three distinct tragedies; and were it put into verse, would it not resemble, rather, an history or a romance than a Theatrical performance? Take away the unity of place, and you necessarily destroy that of action. The unity

unity of time is naturally connected with the two former.—Let us then hold to the three unities, as the great Corneille has laid them down; in these we shall find every other rule of the Drama contained, resulting from these, or conspiring to assist them.

M de la Motte, however, is pleased to call them principles, first invented by fancy, and supported by fashion: he maintains that they may, with propriety, be dispensed with in our tragedies, since they are intirely neglected in opera. This method of reasoning somewhat resembles the absurdity of that politician who would reform a regular government by the example of an anarchy.

Absurdity joined with magnificence, characterize the opera. In this the ears and the eyes find more entertainment than the mind. A subjection of the words, to the music, renders the most ridiculous extravagancies excusable. Cities are ransack'd in recitative; the palaces of Pluto and of the sun; of gods and devils; of magicians and monsters; rise, form a dance, and disappear in the twinkling of an eye. We tolerate, even are pleased, with these extravagancies, because the spectatour in such circumstances imagines himself transported into a fairy land; and provided he is entertain'd with good music, fine dancing, and a few interesting scenes, he is content: It would be as ridiculous to demand unity of action, time, and place, in a pleasing opera, as to introduce dancing devils into a regular tragedy.

Yet, notwithstanding those regularities may be dispensed with, in the opera; the best we have of this kind, are those in which the unities are least violated. If I am not mistaken, there are some in which dramatic propriety is inviolably preserved, which serves to prove how necessary, natural and interesting it is to every spectatour. How unjust, therefore, is it to condemn our nation of levity for disapproving, in one species of composition, what we approve in another. In tragedy we require perfection, there is in it no music to divert the attention, nor dances to confound: all our pleasure depends upon intellect alone; we there admire the address of the poet, who, in one day, and in one place, describes a single action which charms without fatigue, and fills the mind without confusion; where our pleasure rises by just degrees, and terminates with moral propriety. The more difficult this simplicity appears, the more it is chearing; and we find upon examination that most of our pleasure results from the various uniformity of the representation. M. de la Motte, is not content with depriving us of Theatrical propriety, but he would also banish poetry from





the stage, and have all our pieces represented in prose. It is a little extraordinary, that an ingenious writer possessed of an imagination, truly poetic, who has seldom wrote prose, except to vindicate or explain his own poetry; should write against verse, with the same contempt with which he has wrote against Homer; when, nevertheless, he has thought proper to translate. Neither Virgil, Tasso, Boileau, Racine, or Pope, ever wrote against poetry, nor Lully against music, or Newton against astronomy. There are sometimes men found, who fancy themselves superior to their profession; the surest symptoms of their being actually below it; but this is the first time we have seen any attempting to asperse those talents to which they owe all their reputation. There are already too many, who, having no acquaintance with the charms of poetry, affect to despise it. Paris abounds with men, otherwise of good understandings, who are naturally destitute of organs, capable of relishing harmony; to such, music is but noise, and poetry but ingenious trifling. Should these be informed, that a person of merit, and who has composed five or six volumes of poetry, is of their opinion; would they not be apt to regard all other poets as fools; and him, as the only one of all his brethren, who had found the use of his reason? let me then, for the honour of our profession, endeavour to answer him; even let me add, for the honour of a country, which owes part of its reputation among strangers, to a perfection in this very art which he affects to despise.

It is advanced by this gentleman, that rhyme is a modern invention, and had its rise in times of ignorance and barbarity: yet, notwithstanding this, all nations, except the ancient Greeks and Romans have rhymed and continue the custom to this day. The return of similar sounds is so natural to mankind, that we find rhymes obtain, even, in the most savage regions, as well as in Italy, Spain, France, and England.

Montaigne presents us with an American ode, composed in this manner, and in one of the papers of the Spectator, wrote by Mr. Addison, we are presented with the translation of a Lap-land ode, originally composed in rhyme.

The Greek, "Quibus dedit ore rotundo musa loqui," plac'd in an indulgent climate, and favoured by Nature, with finer organs than other nations; form'd a language, which, by the length or shortness of its syllables, express'd the calm, or the impetuous dictates of the mind. From this happy variety, in the construction of their language, resulted such music in their prose, as well as verse, that no nation, but the ancient Italians, could ever succeed in imitating.

But

But it is not rhyme alone, but measure also, which this ingenious gentleman condemns. Before the time of Herodotus, history was wrote only in verse; this custom the Greeks borrowed from the ancient Egyptians, a people politic, learned, and wise. It was founded in nature, for the end of history, being to preserve an account of the actions of a few great personages, which might serve as examples to posterity, as men had not yet attain'd the art of swelling the transactions of some obscure convent, or insignificant village into several folios; nothing was transmitted but what was worth remembering; nothing but what was remarkable was generally treasured up in the memory as a guide to action. Verse, therefore, was proper to assist in this particular; accordingly the first legislators, founders of religion, and historians, were poets by profession. On such occasions, however, poetry must necessarily have wanted either harmony or precision. Virgil at last appeared, who united these two excellencies which seemed so incompatible. Boileau and Racine had the same success; a person who has read all the three, who knows that they are translated into almost all the European languages, but illy employs his talents in endeavouring to render them contemptible; such censure often reverts upon the accuser.

I rank Boileau and Racine in the same class with Virgil, in regard to versification; for had the author of the Eneid been born a Frenchman, it is probable he would have wrote like them; and had they liv'd in ancient Rome, they would have molded the Latin language into the same harmonious cadence with the celebrated Mantuan. When, therefore, M. la Motte, censures versification as ridiculous, mechanical, trifling; he not only accuses our poets, but all those of antiquity. Virgil and Horace have been as assiduous as we, in the mechanism of their verses. An happy arrangement of Dactyl, and Sponde were as difficult as our rhyme and metre. Their labour must certainly have been great, since the Eneid, after the corrections of eleven years, was still thought far short of requisite perfection.

But this ingenious author still asserts that turning any scene of tragedy into prose, diminishes neither its force, nor its beauty. To prove this assertion, he transposes the first scene of Mithridates; and has thus rendered it intolerable to even the meanest capacity. But still, continues he, our neighbours have rejected rhyme in their tragedies. This must be granted, but then they are wrote in verse, which though without rhyme is from the nature of their languages harmonious. Should we attempt to cast off a yoke which was worn by Corneille and Racine,





Lochow and Glenilla, Lord of Inverary, Mull, Morvern and Tyrie, Lord Lieutenant of Argyleshire, and Admiral of the Western Isles, also Viscount and Earl of Ila. Baron Ornsay, Dunoon and Aros, Keeper of the Great Seal, Justice General, Extraordinary Lord of Session, Hereditary Master of the King's Household, Hereditary Keeper of Dun-Raffinage and Carrick, chancellor of the university of Aberdeen, and one of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council. He was born in 1682, and succeeded his brother John in November, 1743. His titles and estates descend to the Hon. Lieutenant General John Campbell, lately chosen member for the shire of Dumbarton in Scotland.

Mrs. Frances Olds, possessed of a large fortune, at Coventry.

Miss Annabella Carolina Inwood, at Kensington, daughter of Thomas Inwood, Esq; of that place.

Mr. Jonathan Barras, a merchant of this city, at Hackney.

Dr. Edward Cobden, Archdeacon of London, Rector of St. Augustin's near St. Paul's, and of Acton in Middlesex.

Miss Mary Musgrave, second daughter of Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart.

Mr. Richard Riley, an eminent printer, in Town-ditch, near Little Britain, and many years a Common-council-man of this city.

Sir Edward Goodyere, Bart. at Clapton.

Mr. Thomas Lowe, many years Yeoman of his Majesty's beer buttry, and one of the Ushers to the Yeomen of the guard.

Mr. Tinney, printseller in Fleet-street.

Mr. Griffiths, at his house at Lambeth, said to have been the most considerable potter in England.

The Right Hon. the Lord Edge-

combe, chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster.

G. Oldy's Esq; Norroy King at Arms, in the 74th year of his age.

Henry Campion, Esq; at his seat near Lewes in Sussex, aged 82: he possessed a large estate in that county.

Mr. James Cadywold, Agent in the navy, in Old Broadstreet.

Mrs. Mary Cheslyn, daughter of Mr. Cheslyn in Doctors Commons of an apoplectic fit.

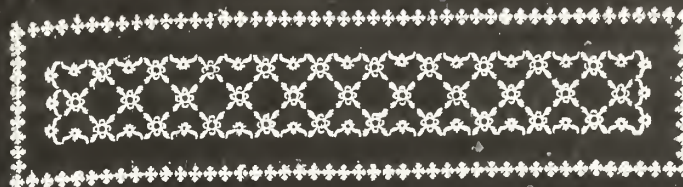
Henry Bosville Esq; at Bradbourn, near Sevenoaks, in Kent.

John Ansell, Esq; at his seat at Great Miffenden-abbey, in Bucks; he was male heir of the ancient family of the Ansell's, of Ickleford in Hertfordshire.

Master Willis, about eleven years old, only son of the late Mr. Willis, a considerable glass-manufacturer near Moorfields. It is remarkable his father was killed by a fall from his horse, hunting on Epping forest, the day twelvemonth, and about the same hour.

The Right Rev. Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Lord Bishop of Winchester, and Prelate of the most noble order of the Garter, at his house at Chelsea, after a few hours indisposition. His Lordship was the first person appointed a Bishop in the reign of King George I. was consecrated Bishop of Bangor on the translation of Dr Evans from that see in 1715, and was promoted to the bishoprick of Hereford in 1721, on the death of Dr Bisse; from whence he was advanced to the diocese of Salisbury on the translation of Dr. Willis to the see of Winchester in 1723, and upon the death of that Bishop in 1734, he succeeded him in the diocese of Winchester.

Thomas Baskett, Esq; Printer to his Majesty, at his house on Barnes common, near Putney.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR MAY, 1761.



The Life of VOLTAIRE. [continued]

HERE is perhaps no situation more uneasy than that of being foremost in the Republic of letters. If a man, who writes to please the public, cannot, at the same time, stoop to flattery, he is certainly made unhappy for life. There are an hundred writers of inferior merit continually expecting his approbation, these must be all applauded, or made enemies, the public must be deceived by ill-placed praise, or dunces provoked into unremitting persecution. This under-tribe in the literary commonwealth perfectly understand the force of combinations, are liberal in their mutual commendations, and actually enjoy all the pleasures of fame without being so much as known to the public. While the man of eminence is regarded, as an outcast of their society, a fit object at which to level all their invective, and every advance he makes towards reputation, only lifts his head nearer to the storm; till at last he finds, that, instead of fame, he has been only all his life earning reproach, till he finds himself possessed of professing friends and sincere enemies.

Fontenelle and Voltaire were men of unequal merit, yet how different has been the fate of either? Fontenelle was as passionately fond of adulation as Voltaire was ever averse to flattery. The one kindly told every blockhead that he had wit; the other honestly advised him to discontinue a profession

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in which he was by no means likely to succeed: the one has received all his fame while living, the other must not expect unmixed applause till dead: the one was prudent, insincere, and happy; the other generous, open, and regarded with detestation.

But, tho' Voltaire was now fairly lifted into an open war with all the dunces of society, yet he still had friends of another denomination, who, by their power protected him, and by their company made him forget that he had enemies. Madame Du Chatelet, whose name I have already mentioned, was principally of this number. In her apartment he generally spent the morning among the learned of Paris, who composed the levé of this learned lady. The sciences then seemed to triumph when patronized by beauty; Madame Chatelet had the many personal charms, and, though an hard student; her complexion never called in assistant red to heighten its colour. She dictated to an admiring circle every morning from Plato, Newton, Clarke, and Leibnitz, and was thought as great an adept in philosophy, as the deepest doctor of the Sorbonne. Voltaire soon perceived his deficiency in the sciences; and, as he knew that an excellence in them was the only way to secure his mistress, he set about attaining them with the most intense application. As he increased in learning, his intimacy increased in proportion; and, at last, an intercourse which began in friendship turned into a passion of a much more masterly nature. His visits became more frequent; his behaviour more submissive, and the philosopher was lost in the gallant. Madame Chatelet, whose soul knew no other passion, but that of science, at first regarded the change in his behaviour with indifference, but soon perceived the real motive, and was not intirely displeased at the discovery. There is a principle of vanity in the sex which gives them pleasure at the acquisition of a new lover, though they have no intentions to gratify his desire. She therefore gave him an opportunity of declaring his regard, and of professing a passion which his actions had before sufficiently indicated. Her answer, however, was very different from what he had expected: she informed him, with an apathy truly stoical, that she neither disliked his addresses, nor intirely approved of them. She had no objection to a lover, provided he was pleased to be content with what she could give. Minds could unite and form an happy intercourse without indulging any coarser appetites; and she concluded, by recommending to him the Banquet of Plato, as containing her system of love, a system which she was determined to set up to; and she found none

none more fit than M. Voltaire to be the object of so pure a flame.

Our poet now perceived, that books had spoiled her for a mistress, and that she was resolved to sacrifice the substance to the shadow. Yet, as she was, in some measure, beautiful, as she seemed happy in his conversation, and could still be a charming friend, he was resolved to accept of the terms she offered; to be contented with the spare diet which she could afford, and look for more substantial entertainment from others. An opportunity soon offered of this kind.

The Marchioness de Pire, a young widow of exquisite beauty, had taken a fancy to our poet; and, as she was possessed of a large jointure, had some intentions of marrying him. She found means to have Voltaire informed of her inclinations, and took care to have her nobility and fortune, placed in the most advantageous point of view. Voltaire, who loved the sex, but hated matrimony, seemed to be happy in her proposal, and begged an interview; in which our lovers seemed mutually pleased with each other. As all his intentions were to please the lady and himself without the previous ceremony, he declined all conversation upon matrimony, but talked of disinterested passion, unconfined rapture, and all the cant of an insidious designer. The Marchioness, who was as virtuous as beautiful, quickly perceived the tendency of his discourse, thought proper to break off a conversation, which took a turn not at all to her inclinations. At parting, she gave him hopes, and enjoined him secrecy. He accordingly promised the strictest honour, and with an heart elated with vanity, he went to communicate his happiness among all his friends. As he unsuspectingly made every person that professed the least regard for him a confidant, among the rest he happened to tell his success to a gentleman who was actually his rival. The consequence of this indiscreet confidence was, that the Marchioness was informed of the whole, and proscribed our repentant lover for ever from her presence. In such a disappointment, the muse was his consolation, he worked this adventure into a comedy which he dedicates to his unforgiving mistress the dedication, which it is impossible to translate with elegance equal to the original, runs in plain prose thus: 'Thou who hast beauty without pride, and vivacity without indiscretion; whom Heaven has formed with every gift it could bestow; a mind seriously solid, or rapturously gay; accept this picture of the indiscretion of a lover, who lost a mistress by boasting of her favours. Had the heroine of this piece been possessed of thy beauty, who could blame the lover for mentioning so charming a mistress, either through excess of vanity, or excess of love.'





But, one adventure more of this nature, and I quit a subject that may appear already tedious. The Platonic passion between Voltaire and M. Chatelet was now become a subject of conversation over all Paris. His inconstancy was well known, and it was thought something strange, that his attachment to one mistress should have so long a continuance. Mr. Pyron, a man of infinite humour was resolved to try the sincerity of his passion, not by presenting him with a real but an imaginary mistress. With this intent he composes a panegyric on Voltaire in the highest strain of flattery, and presents it to him, as coming from a lady in one of the provinces, who was enraptured with his poetry, and had almost conceived a passion for his person. Voltaire read the poem, found it inimitable, and fancied a thousand beauties in a lady of so fine discernment. In short, he was actually fallen in love with a creature of his own imagination, and entreated his dear ugly friend; for so he familiarly used to call Pyron, to procure him an interview with a lady of so much merit. Pyron promised in a few days to gratify his request, and in the mean time came every morning to tell Voltaire, that the young lady was upon her journey, and would arrive very shortly, adding many pathetic exclamations on her beauty, and the delicacy of her behaviour. Our poet was at last wound up to the height of expectation, which, when Pyron saw, he informed him that the lady was actually arrived; that the chief motive of her journey was to see a man so justly celebrated as M. Voltaire, and that she entreated the honour of his company that very evening. Our poet in raptures prepared himself for an interview, which he expected with the utmost impatience.

The hour at last came; and Voltaire eagerly flew to satisfy at once his love and his curiosity. Upon being introduced into the apartment of his fancied angel, he was at first a little disconcerted, to find M. Du Chatelet of the party; but guess his confusion, when he beheld his ugly friend, dressed up in a lappet head and petticoat approach to salute him. In short, he was informed that Pyron himself was the fair one who wrote the panegyric, and who consequently expected the proper return of gratitude. 'Well, says Voltaire, turning his disappointment to a jest, if Pyron had a grain less wit, I could never have forgiven him.'

This adventure has since served as the ground-work of a comedy called, *La Metromanie*, infinitely the best modern performance upon the French theatre. Some disappointments of this kind served to turn our poet from a passion which only

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tended to obstruct his advancement in more exalted pursuits. His mind, which at that time was pretty much balanced between pleasure and philosophy, quickly began to encline to the latter. He now thirsted after a more comprehensive knowledge of mankind than either books or his own country could possibly bestow.

England, about this time, was coming into repute thro' Europe, as the land of philosophers. Newton, Locke, and others began to attract the attention of the curious, and drew hither a concourse of learned men from every part of Europe. Not our learning alone, but our politics also, began to be regarded with admiration: a government in which subordination and liberty were blended in such just proportions was now generally studied as the finest model of civil society. This was an inducement sufficient to make Voltaire pay a visit to this land of philosophers and of liberty.

[To be continued.]

To Mrs. STANHOPE.

MADAM,

'AS you were pleased to insert the account of a sleep-walker in your entertaining Magazine some time since, by inserting the following histories to the same effect, you will oblige, Madam, one of your most constant correspondents.'

A YOUNG gentleman, going down from London to the west of England, to the house of a very worthy gentleman, to whom he had the honour to be related; it happen'd that the gentleman's house at that time was full, by reason of a kinswoman's wedding that had been lately kept there, he therefore told the young gentleman that he was very glad to see him, and that he was very welcome to him; but, said he, I know not how I shall do for a lodging for you; for my cousin's marriage has not left a room free, but one, and that is haunted; you shall have a very good bed, and all other accommodations. Sir, replied the young gentleman, you will very much oblige me in letting me lie there, for I have often coveted to be in a place that was haunted. The gentleman,

very





## A list of Preferments.

The Rev. John Bird, M. A. to the rectory of Thirley in the county of Bucks and diocese of London.

The Rev. Skinner, B. L. to the rectory of Thorpe, with the chapel of Beafely thereunto united, in the county of Wilts. and diocese of Salisbury.

The Rev. Benjamin Barnard, M. A. to be domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Somerville.

The Rev. Mr. Cumberland, to be one of the chaplains to Lord Halifax.

The Rev. Mr. Harpur, to the rectory of Essington in Yorkshire.

The Right Rev. Samuel Squire, Lord Bishop of St. David's, to the rectory of St. Ann, Westminster, and the living of East Greenwich, in Kent.

Charles Wallcott, Esq; to be deputy to Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart. Treasurer of his Majesty's chamber.

## A list of Marriages.

Matthew Skinner, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq; to Miss Moody, of Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

James Williams, Esq; of Chelmsford, to Miss Rose, of East-ham.

John Durbin, of Bristol, Esq; to Miss Drax, sister to the Countess of Berkeley.

The Rev. Mr. Crowther, chaplain to the Countess of Abingdon; to Miss Chambers, only daughter to Charles Chambers, Esq; of Charterhouse-square.

Mr. James Cleland, of Downing-street, Westminster, to Miss Arabella Crawford, of Piccadilly.

Attwell Wood, Esq; to Miss Gray, daughter to Mr. Gray, of Dublin, merchant.

Mr. John Page, Apothecary, of Bristol, to Miss Milloughby, of St. James's, London.

Mr. Coleman, Hosier, of Leicester, was married at Wing, in Rutland, to Miss Sharpe, daughter and heiress to Richard Sharpe, Esq; of that place.

## A list of Births.

The Lady of Sir Francis Gosling, Knt. Alderman of Farringdon without, of a son.

The Lady of the Hon. Vere Poulett, Esq; of a son, at his house at Twickenham.

## A List of Deaths.

The Rev. Mr. Samuel Clark, rector of Deerham, and vicar of Ketlingham, Norfolk.

Lewis, Esq; who formerly had been gentleman to the late Duke of Marlborough, and had the good luck to gain a 10,000l. prize in one of the state lotteries.

Mrs. Stack, widow of Dr. Stack, who died some time ago in the West-Indies.

Mr. John Johnson, musical instrument seller, in Cheapside.

The eldest son of Sir John Shaw, Bart. at Eltham lodge in Kent.

Miss Trelawney, daughter of the Hon. Capt. Trelawney, in Kensington-square.

Mrs. Holesworth, a widow gentlewoman, at Kensington Gravel pits.

Mr. Merlin Simmons, of Lamberts-Oaks, huntsman to the Hon. Mr. Harley, by his horse coming down with him on Leatherhead-common; he was one of the boldest riders that ever crossed a hunter.

Webb, Esq; commander of his Majesty's ship Antelope.

Mrs. Dufoe, in St. James's place, necessary woman to his Majesty.

Mr. Alderman Thomas Trigge, of Nottingham: he had been three times Mayor of that corporation.

Mrs. Holbourne, wife of Vice Admiral Holbourne.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1761.

The Life of VOLTAIRE. [continued]

## BOOK II.

IN the year 1720 Mr. Voltaire came over to England. A previous acquaintance with Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, and the lord Bolingbroke, was sufficient to introduce him among the polite, and his fame as a poet got him the acquaintance of the learned, in a country where foreigners generally find but a cool reception. He only wanted introduction, his own merit was enough to procure the rest. As a companion no man ever exceeded him when he pleased to lead the conversation, which however was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty, every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. The person who writes this memoir, who had the honour and the pleasure of being his acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris; when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he

Vol. II Q 9 q undertook





undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation happened to turn upon one of his favourite topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last rous'd from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess, that, whether from national partiality, or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute. But to return: upon his arrival in England, his first care was to learn so much of the language as might enable him to mix in conversation and study more thoroughly the genius of the people. Foreigners are unanimous in allowing the English language to be the most difficult to learn of any in Europe. Some have spent years in the study to no purpose: but such was the application, and such the memory of our poet, that in six weeks he was able to speak it with tolerable propriety. In short his conduct in this particular was such as may serve for a model to future travellers. The French who before visited this island, were never at the trouble of attaining our language, but contented with barely describing the buildings and palaces of the kingdom, and transcribing a character of the people from former travellers, who were themselves unacquainted with our national peculiarities. Accordingly we find few of their books in which the English are not characterized as morose, melancholly, excessive lovers of pudding, and haters of mankind. This stupid account has been continued down from Scaliger to Muralt, while the virtues and vices which were peculiar to the country were wholly unknown. Voltaire quickly perceived that pride seemed to be our characteristic quality; a source from whence we derived our excellencies as well as our defects. He perceived that the only way to understand the English was to learn their language, adopt their manners, and even to applaud their oddities. With this view, when sufficiently initiated into our language, he joined in companies of every rank, lords, poets and artizans were successively visited; and he attained at the same time a proficiency in our language, laws and government,

government, and thorough insight into our national character. Before him, our reputation for learning had for some time been established in Europe; but then we were regarded as entirely destitute of taste, and our men of wit, known not even by name among the literati. He was the first foreigner who saw the amazing irregular beauties of Shakespear, gave Milton the character he deserved, spoke of every English poet with some degree of applause, and opened a new page of beauty to the eyes of his astonished countrymen. It is to him we owe that our language has taken place of the Italian among the polite, and that even ladies are taught to admire Milton, Pope and Otway. The greatest part of our poet's time, during a residence of two years in England, was spent at Wandsworth, the seat of his excellency Sir Everard Falkener. With this gentleman he had contracted an intimacy at Paris: and as Sir Everard had insisted upon his company before he left France, he now could not refuse. Here he spent his time in that tranquillity and learned ease which are so grateful to men of speculation; had leisure to examine the difference between our government and that of which he was born a subject; and to improve, by our example, his natural passion for liberty. He was resolved however to give some lasting testimony of that love which he had for freedom and which has ever made one of the strongest features in his character. The elder Brutus, condemning his own son in its cause, seemed a fine subject for this purpose, and naturally suited to the British theatre. The first act of this play he accordingly wrote in English, and communicated it to his friends for their approbation. It was somewhat surprising to find a stranger, who had resided in the country but one year, attempt so arduous an undertaking; but still more so to find him skilled in the beauties and force of our language. The reader may be pleased to see how he wrote in English: he makes Brutus, in the second scene of the first act, thus vindicate the cause of freedom.

"*Brutus.* Alledge not ties, his (*Tarquin's*) crimes have broke them all. The Gods themselves, whom he has offended, have declared against him. Which of our rights has he not trod upon? True, we have sworn to be his subjects, but we have not sworn to be his slaves. You say you've seen our senate in humble suppliance pay him here their vows. Even here himself has sworn to be our father, and make the people happy in his guidance. Broke from his oaths, we are let loose from ours; since he has transgressed our laws, his the rebellion, Rome is free from guilt."





This tragedy he afterwards completed in French; and at Paris it met with the fate he had foreseen. No piece was ever translated into a greater number of foreign languages, more liked by strangers, or more decried at home. He dedicates it to my lord Bolingbroke; and, as the dedication contains a fine parallel between the English and French theatres, I shall beg leave to translate some part of it here.

"As it was too venturous an innovation, my lord, to attempt to write a tragedy in French without rhyme, and take such liberties as are allowed in England and Italy, I was at least determined to transplant those beauties from the English stage which I thought not incompatible with French regularity. Certain it is the English theatre is extremely defective. I have heard yourself say there was scarce a perfect tragedy in the language, but to compensate this, you have several scenes which are admirable. Almost all your tragic writers have been likewise deficient in that regularity and simplicity of plot, that propriety of diction, that elegance of style, and those hidden strokes of art, for which we are remarkable since the times of Corneille. However your most irregular pieces have a peculiar merit; they excell in action, while ours are frequently tedious declamations, and at best conversation rather than a picture of passion. Our excessive delicacy often puts us upon making an uninteresting recital of what should rather be represented to the eyes of the spectator. Our poets are afraid to hazard any thing new before an audience composed of such as turn all that is not the *fashion* into ridicule.

"The inconvenience of our theatre also is another cause that our representations frequently appear dry and unenterprising. The spectators being allowed to sit on the stage, destroy almost all propriety of Action. For this reason, those decorations which are so much recommended by the antients can be but very rarely introduced. Thus it happens that the actors can never pass from one apartment into another without being seen by the audience, and all the atrical illusion must consequently be destroyed.

"How could we, for instance, introduce the ghost of Pompey, or the genius of Brutus, into the midst of a parcel of young fellows crowded upon the theatre, and who only stand there to laugh at all that is transacted? How could we, as the late Mr. Addison has done, have the body of Marcus born in upon the stage before his father? If he should hazard a representation of this nature, the whole pit would rise against the poet, and the ladies themselves would be apt to hide their faces.

"With

"With what pleasure have I seen at London your tragedy of Julius Cæsar, which, though an hundred and fifty years old, still continues the delight of the people. I do not here attempt to defend the barbarous irregularity with which it abounds. What surprizes is, that there are not more in a work written in an age of ignorance, by a man who understood not Latin, and who had no other master but a happy genius. The piece is faulty; but, amidst such a number still, with what rapture do we see Brutus, with his dagger stained with the blood of Cæsar, harranguing the people.

"The French would never suffer a chorus composed of plebeians and artizans to appear upon the theatre; nor would they permit the body of Cæsar to be exposed, or the people excited from the rostrum. Custom, the queen of this world, changes at pleasure the taste of nations, and turns the sources of joy often into objects of disgust.

"The Greeks have exhibited objects upon their stage that would be equally disgusting to a French audience. Hippolitus, bruised by his fall, comes to count his wounds, and to pour forth the most lamentable cries. Philoctetes appears with his wound open, and the black gore streaming from it. Oedipus, covered with the blood which flowed from the sockets of his eyes, complains both of gods and men. In a word, many of the Greek tragedies abound with exaggeration.

"I am not ignorant that both the Greeks and the English have frequently erred, in producing what is shocking instead of what should be terrible, the disgusting and the incredible for what should have been tragic and marvellous. The art of writing was in its infancy at Athens in the time of Æschylus, and at London in the time of Shakespear. However, both the one and the other, with all their faults, frequently abound with a fine pathetic, and strike us with beauties beyond the reach of art to imitate. Those Frenchmen, who, only acquainted with translations or common report, pretend to censure either, somewhat resemble the blind man who should assert that the rose is destitute of beauty because he perceives the thorns by the touch.

"But, though sometimes the two nations of which I am speaking transcend the bounds of propriety, and present us with objects of affright instead of terror, we, on the other hand, as scrupulous as they are rash, stop short of beauty for fear of being carried beyond it; and seldom arrive at the pathetic, for fear of transgressing its bounds.

"I am by no means for having the theatre become a place of carnage as we often find in Shakespear, and his successors, who,





who, destitute of his genius, have only imitated his faults; but still I insist, that there are numberless incidents which may at present appear shocking to a French spectator, which, if set off with elegance of diction and propriety of representation, would be capable of giving a pleasure beyond what we can at present conceive."

This gives us a tolerably just representation of the state in which Voltaire found the French theatre. His *Œdipus* was wrote in this dry manner, where most of the terrible incidents were delivered in cold recitation and not represented before the spectator. But, by observing our tragedies, like a skillful artist, he joined their fire to French correctness, and formed a manner peculiarly his own.

In studies of this nature he spent his time at Wandsworth, still employed either in improving himself in our language, or borrowing its beauties to transplant into his own. His hours of dissipation were generally spent among our poets, Congreve, Pope, Young, &c. or among such of our nobility as were remarkable either for arts or arms, as Peterborough, Oxford, and Walpole. He was frequently heard to say, that Peterborough had taught him the art of despising riches, Walpole the art of acquiring them; but Harley alone the secret of being contented.

[To be continued.]

To Mrs. STANHOPE.

MADAM,

THE favourable reception you condescended to give an epistle of mine upon female charity, emboldens me to approach you a second time upon a different subject, but no less interesting to our sex, whose cause you have espoused with so much wit and good nature. It is upon that great but too common error in parents, who seem to think that happiness consists in grandeur, and who barter their childrens future peace to place them in an exalted station, or to procure them an affluent fortune. In order to evince the truth of this remark, permit me to relate the history of a young lady, which many as well as myself can affirm to be true.

Semanthe

Semanthe was the youngest daughter of a merchant whom I shall call Arcasto; he bestowed a very liberal education upon his children, but Semanthe soon gave convincing proofs that she had a genius far surpassing that of her three sisters, by the proficiency she made in every accomplishment: she was about twelve years of age, when Antonio a young merchant came upon some business to her father: he was introduced into the apartment where the family was sitting; but he had not remained long there before the fine person of Semanthe attracted his notice, and his admiration was greatly increased by the ready wit with which she answered several of his questions. At his taking leave he begged permission to visit them a second time, which request being granted, he frequently waited on them, which gave him an opportunity of discovering some new and valuable qualifications in the fair object of his affections. As he traded very considerably to the West-Indies, his affairs required his presence abroad, but he could not depart till he had made Arcasto acquainted with his love for his amiable daughter; he therefore asked his consent to make Semanthe his wife.

Arcasto informed him she was too young to entertain such thoughts at present, but, if he would stay till his return from his intended voyage, he would embrace the proposal with gratitude and pleasure, the proposal being a match superior to his most sanguine expectations. He then went into his daughter's apartment accompanied by Antonio, and presenting him to her, acquainted her, that was the gentleman designed for her husband when he returned from the West-Indies, and asked her if she approved of his choice. She answered, that all his commands were laws to her, and should be obey'd without reluctance.

Antonio, transported with this answer, and having obtained Arcasto's consent, embarked soon after in high spirits, secure as he thought of the possession of his admired Semanthe at his return: but alas! how unstable is all human happiness; when he arrived in the West-Indies he sent over several presents of very great value to Semanthe and her family; but Arcasto, far from being grateful for those proofs of Antonio's regard, was using all his paternal authority to separate them for ever. Semanthe was seen at the church she usually frequented by Avario, who fell desperately in love with her. As he was possessed of an immense fortune, he thought his addresses would be accepted of, he therefore waited on Arcasto the next day, and discovered the passion he had conceived for his daughter. Ar-

casto





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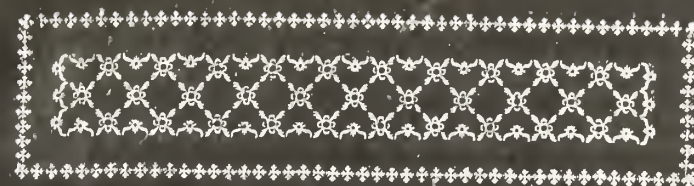
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THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR JULY, 1761.



The Life of VOLTAIRE, [continued]

HE first time he visited Mr. Congreve, he met with a reception very different from what he had expected. The English dramatist, grown rich by means of his profession, affected to despise it, and assured Voltaire, that he chose rather to be regarded as a gentleman than a poet. This was a meanness which somewhat disgusted the Frenchman, particularly as he himself owed all his reputation to his excellence in poetry; he therefore informed Mr. Congreve, that his fame as a writer was the only inducement he had to see him; and though he could condescend to desire the acquaintance of a man of wit and learning, he was above soliciting the company of any private gentleman whatsoever. The reflection of another, upon this occasion was, that he certainly is below the profession who presumes to think himself above it.

Mr. Voltaire has often told his friends, that he never observed in himself such a succession of opposite passions as he experienced upon his first interview with Mr. Pope. When he first entered the room, and perceived our poor melancholy English poet, naturally deformed, and wasted as he was with sickness and study, he could not help regarding him with the utmost compassion. But, when Pope began to speak, and to reason

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upon moral obligations, and dress the most delicate sentiments in the most charming diction, Voltaire's pity began to be changed into admiration, and at last even into envy. It is not uncommon with him to assert, that no man ever pleased him so much in serious conversation, nor any whose sentiments mended so much upon recollection.

There is a story commonly told of his being in company with Dr. Young and some others, when the conversation happened to turn upon Milton's Paradise. He displayed, as the story goes, all his critical skill in condemning the allegorical personages which Milton has introduced into his poem, and this with the utmost vivacity and unbounded freedom of speech. Upon which Young, regarding him with a fixed eye, spoke the following epigram.

So very witty, wicked, and so thin;  
Fit emblem sure of Milton; death, and sin.

However, I only mention this to shew what trifles are generally ascribed to men when once grown famous. The wretchedness of the epigram will readily convince those who have any pretensions to taste, that Dr. Young could never have been the author: probably some blockhead made the verses first, and the story after.

Among the number of those who either patronized him or enrolled themselves in the number of his friends, was the dutchess of Marlborough. She found infinite pleasure in the agreeable vivacity of his conversation; but mistook his levity for want of principle. Such a man seemed to her the properest person to digest the memoirs of her life; which, even so early as this, she had an inclination of publishing. She proposed the task accordingly to him, and he readily undertook to oblige her. But when she shewed him her materials, and began to dictate the use she would have them turned to, Voltaire appeared no longer the good natured complying creature which she took him for. He found some characters were to be blackened without just grounds, some of her actions to be vindicated that deserved censure, and a mistress to be exposed to whom she owed infinite obligations. Our poet accordingly remonstrated with her grace, and seemed to intimate the inconsistency of such a conduct with gratitude and justice; he gravely assured her, that the publication of secrets which were communicated under the seal of friendship, would give the world no high opinion of her morals. He was thus continuing



ing his discourse, when the dutchess, quite in a passion, snatched the papers out of his hands: I thought, said she, the man had sense, but I find him at bottom either a fool or a philosopher.

He was but two years in England, as has been hinted already; yet it is somewhat strange to think, how much he either wrote published or studied during so short a residence. He gave amongst his friends a criticism he had wrote in English upon Milton, which he concludes in this manner. "It requires reach of thought to discover the defects of Milton; his excellencies lie obvious to every capacity; he atones for a few faults by a thousand beauties; and, like satan, the hero of his own poem, even when fallen he wears the appearance of majesty."

But the performance upon which he founds his most lasting share of fame was published in this country. The French language had hitherto been deemed unsusceptible of the true epic dignity. Several unsuccessful attempts by Ronfard Chapelaine and others had made critics despair of ever seeing an heroic poem in the language; and some writers had laid it down as actually impossible. Voltaire, who seemed to be born to encounter difficulty, undertook the task, and that at an age when pleasure is apt to silence the voice of ambition. This poem, which is now well known by the name of the *Henriade*, was first published under the title of the *League*. He began it in the Bastille, enlarged and corrected it for several years afterwards, and had some thoughts of publishing it in France. Upon shewing the manuscript to Fontenelle his friend, he was by him advised to retrench several passages which seemed to be written with too warm a spirit of liberty under such a government as theirs: but Voltaire, who considered those very passages as the greatest beauties of his work, was resolved the poem should make its first appearance in a country in love with liberty, and ready to praise every performance written in its defence. With this view he brought the work over with him to England, and offered it in the usual manner to a bookseller in order to be published. The bookseller, as some pretend, either unacquainted with its value, or willing to impose upon a stranger, offered him but a trifle for the manuscript, and would print only such a number as he thought proper. These were terms with which the author chose not to comply; and, considering the number and the rank of his friends, he was resolved to publish it by subscription. A subscription was opened accordingly, and quickly filled with persons of the first rank and eminence, not





only of Great-Britain, but of Europe in general. A condition of the proposals was, that the subscribers should have their books a month before it was published in the ordinary manner in London. In this situation were things when an unforeseen accident called our poet out of the kingdom, being sent for by M. D'Argenson, prime Minister of France, in order to become the king's historiographer. Voltaire was therefore obliged to return with reluctance home, leaving to his bookseller the care of satisfying the subscribers. Voltaire however affirms that the bookseller, considering that there was no great difference between reading a book a month sooner or later, was resolved to indulge the curiosity of the public first, and gratify the subscribers after. As by this means the profits accruing from the sale, which were to be his own, would be greatly increased. The reader may judge for himself whether this is not the true reason why the subscribers to the *Henriade* had not the work till a month after it was first published in London; and not against the author but his bookseller should their censure be levelled. It cannot be conceived what a number of enemies this raised Voltaire; for all imputed to him that meanness of which those who are of his acquaintance know him to be utterly incapable. A neglect, indeed, he was guilty of, in leaving no friend to see justice done to the public. This may be said of our poet's character in general, that he has frequently been guilty of indiscretions, but never of meanness. A mind employed in the contemplation of great virtues is sometimes guilty of trifling absurdities; *quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura*. An honest man may sometimes unite with such as will render his actions suspected, but then it is the fault of good minds to be too credulous, and, instead of condemning such a man of falsehood, we should pity his good nature.

The poem was dedicated to Queen Caroline, for which she made the author a present of her picture valued at two hundred guineas. The dedication breathes a spirit which at once characterizes the poet, the philosopher, and the man of virtue; and some prefer it even to any part of the succeeding performance. It must be confessed the *Henriade* has its faults; its incidents in general do not sufficiently interest or surprize; it seldom rises to the sublime, though it never falls into flatness. The moral reflections return too frequently, and retard that speed which is one of the greatest beauties of narration. However, with all its faults, the French regard it as the first epic poem in their language, and though (national partiality

laid

laid aside) it sinks infinitely below Milton; yet it will be sufficient to gain the author immortality.

Upon his return home, he found his fame greatly increased, the prime minister of France himself being proud of ranking among the number of his friends. Scarce a country of Europe from which the learned did not send him their acknowledgements for the pleasure and instruction they had received from his last performance. The king of France used frequently to entreat the pleasure of his company, for he found in him one who had learned from the English to treat monarchs with an honest freedom, and who disdained those mean submissions which at once render kings proud and miserable. Had our poet been inclined to make a large fortune, had he been that avaricious wretch which his enemies have often represented him, he had now an opportunity of gratifying his most sanguine expectations. But he was born free, and had imbibed the privileges of a man and a philosopher. Ambition could not bribe him to forfeit his birth-right, and he disdained becoming great at the expence of his liberty. The king, as I mentioned, would frequently desire his company; but Voltaire came only when he thought proper. Sometimes he would beg of his majesty to excuse his attendance, as he had made an appointment elsewhere; sometimes he would return for answer, that he was detained by Madame du Chatelet, and could not possibly come. These excuses the king generally received with the utmost good humour, and never upon Voltaire's appearance resented his former refusal. The truth is, the king loved a companion who had wit enough to amuse him, and good sense enough not to turn his familiarity into abuse. But, about this time there was still a greater honour done to our poet's merit than he had ever yet received, though kings and princes had already conspired to raise his reputation.

[To be continued]

### The History of the Count of CHATEAUBRIANT, from a Latin Manuscript.

IN all the kingdoms of France, there was not a prouder or a braver man than Chateaubriant. He had fought many campaigns, and even at the age twenty-five, could count five hundred wounds, which he had received in different parts of his





## MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS.

ship the Hampshire, off the Guanave, the 16th of June, that having intelligence that several ships of war of the enemy had sailed from Port Louis the 5th of June; as also that the St. Anne French ship of war had sailed from Port-au-Prince on the same day, he disposed several ships of his Squadron in such manner, as he thought most likely to meet with those of the enemy: That in the morning of the 13th, the Hampshire fell in with the St. Anne to windward, and chased her right down upon the Centaur to Leeward. Upon discovering the Centaur, the St. Anne hauled up, and was kept between the two ships till

she was run close in shore, and becalmed, about a league to the northward of Dona Maria Bay, when she began to fire her stern chase. Soon after one o'clock, the Centaur got close along side the St. Anne, when she struck her ensign. She is a very fine ship, constructed for sixty-four guns, and had on board six 24 pounders, twenty-six 12 pounders, and eight 8 pounders, with 389 persons; was commanded by M. Aguilon, and was carrying home a cargo of indigo, coffee, and sugar, to the value of one million of French livres. Mr. Holmes sent her to Jamaica.

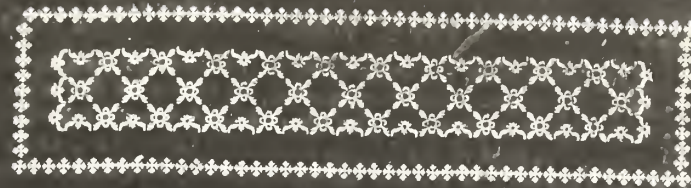
## MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS.

Berlin, July 14, 1761.

A young Woman, aged 23, of a brown complexion, and strong features, who hath served in our troops four years with honour, hath been discover'd in Prince Henry's camp. Her name is Anna Sophia Dertleffin, born at Treptow on the Rega. In 1757, she left her father's house, and came to Colberg, where she enlisted in the militia, and served six months. She afterwards enlisted in Prince Frederick's regiment of cuirassiers, in which she served two years. In a skirmish near Bamberg she was wounded in her right arm with a sabre. She afterwards fought in the battle of Kunnersdorff. Since that time, the corps she belonged to returning to Saxony, she fell dangerously ill there, and was sent to the hospital at Meissen. After her recovery, having no opportunity to rejoin her regiment, she enlisted in a batta-

lion of grenadiers, which suffered much in the actions at Strehlen and Torgau. In the last of those battles she received two wounds in the head; was made prisoner, and sent to the hospital at Dresden. When she recovered a little, she found means to escape out of the hospital, and passed, without being discovered, through the Austrian posts; but instead of going to join her corps, she enlisted with Col. Colignon, who sent her to the regiment of Le Noble's Volunteers, in which she served two months. One of her Comrades accusing her (but without foundation) of stealing from him 14d. sterling, a subaltern put her under arrest: This she could not digest, and sending for her Lieutenant, acquainted him with her sex, and told him, that, during four years service, she had never been put under arrest, nor received a blow for neglect of duty, that she could not put up with this last indignity, and would serve no longer.

N. B. Having so much interesting News relating to the war, has obliged us to defer the remainder of our Miscellaneous Memoirs and Domestic Occurrences till next month; imagining our Readers would like to see a particular account of our late glorious successes.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR AUGUST, 1761.

The Life of VOLTAIRE, [continued]

THE house of Brandenburg had been for some ages acquiring strength and power in Germany. At this time Frederick II. sat upon the throne of Prussia, a monarch, born to be the father and yet the terror of his subjects. All his family, his children as well as his domestics, feared, and sometimes felt the weight of his displeasure. He was arbitrary in all his commands; and though his desires were frequently bent upon trifles, none in all his court were found who were hardy enough to remonstrate, or had courage to lend him advice when he most wanted it. There was however found, at last, one resolved to offer his remonstrances though the consequence threatened unremitting displeasure. The Prince Royal, his son, took this liberty, and sometimes shewed the king, with the utmost deference, the dangers attending an excess of avarice, and the whimsical absurdity of employing soldiers only for shew. This conduct was immediately construed into disobedience, and this brought on such severity of treatment that the prince was resolved to leave the kingdom and fly for protection to England. It is not the business of this memoir to mention the accidents by which his intentions were frustrated, nor the miseries he essayed in seeing his dearest friends, who were partners of his

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design, sacrificed on the scaffold, be it sufficient to say that he was now put into close confinement, in which he felt many years of severe captivity. The school of misery is the school of wisdom. Instead of nursing up his mind in indolence, or indulging sorrow, he refined his understanding by books at first his only companions, and when indulged in greater liberties, the learned of whom he was fond had leave to visit him. Thus did this youth of genius spend his time, among philosophers, and men of virtue and learned from them the hardest of all arts, the art of being a king. Happy! were all monarchs thus instructed, instead of dissipating their hours in the arms of a prostitute, or listening to the voice of flattery which often wears the mark of blunt honesty the better to deceive, did they study mankind from the middle ranks of life, and even sometimes condescend to feel what wretches feel, kings might then indeed be useful! The *Henriade* of Voltaire reached our philosophic prince in his retreat. He read it, was charmed with the poem and wished for the poet. He had himself already wrote some metaphysical essays upon the nature of the soul in answer to Horebow. He had also diverted himself at intervals by translating some of the latin poets, or composing somewhat of his own; but he wanted a friend whose judgement might be relied on to whom he could communicate his productions, and who had a capacity to amend them. He had already several learned men with him in his retreat, but they were rather philosophers than poets, he wanted a companion who could unite both the characters, who had solidity to instruct when he designed to be serious, and vivacity to unbend his mind when fatigued with study. Voltaire seemed to him adapted to both those purposes; he was therefore resolved to give him an invitation to Prussia, which would at least, serve to commence a correspondence with a man by whose instructions or wit he must either be diverted or improved.

The prince of Prussia to Mr. VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

August 3. 1736.

Though I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, yet am I intimate with your writings. They contain all the treasures of genius, if I may be allowed the expression, and as exhaustless as the mine give new objects of admiration upon every repeated perusal. I fancy that in them I see the character of their ingenious author, a man doing honour to the age, and even to humanity. The moderns may

may probably, one day owe you their obligations, if ever the dispute between ancient and modern merit should happen to revive, for your merit alone will turn the balance in our favour.

To all the excellencies of a poet you add all the knowledge of a philosopher, unite characters always allied, but never combined but in your own person. No poet before gave poetical harmony to metaphysics, and taught the most abstruse sciences to charm, such labours were reserved only for you. The turn your writings manifest towards philosophy impel me to send you a translation which I have just drawn up of the accusation and defence of Mr. Wolf, one of the most celebrated philosophers of the present age. This great man, for having penetrated into the darkness of metaphysics, for having treated subjects, before obscure, with clearness, accuracy and precision, is cruelly branded with the character of atheism and irreligion; such is the fate of all who greatly venture after truth; their superior genius exposes them to all the envenomed shafts of concealed calumny and envy levelled from the dark.

I am at present employed in translating a piece of the same author's, intitled a treatise upon God, the Soul, and the World. When finished, I shall take the liberty of sending it also, and I am convinced you will feel the force of its evidence. As all the propositions rise demonstratively out of each other, and are connected like the links of a chain.

The gentleness, and the regard which you testify to all those who devote themselves to the arts or sciences, gives me to hope that I shall not be excluded from the number of those who find happiness in your instructions. A correspondence with you must certainly improve every human being that pretends to be rational. Without flattery, which is unworthy your acceptance, or my offering, there is none of your works in which I do not find beauties without number. The *Henriade* charms me, and gains an happy conquest over all the criticisms which have been wrote in order to lessen its reputation. The tragedy of *Cæsar* is a fine instance of characters supported to the last with dignity. The sentiments are grand, the world may perceive that Brutus speaks like a Roman, or like an Englishman. *Alzira* adds, to the charms of novelty, an happy contrast between the manners of an unformed savage and a civilized European. You exhibit in the character of Gusman, fine instances, that christianity ill understood and

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guided by a false zeal, renders mankind more barbarous and cruel than paganism itself.

Corneille, the great Corneille, he who has attracted the admiration of all the polite world, should he revive in our days, might see with surprize, perhaps with envy, that the dramatic muse, so sparing of her favours to him, has lavished them upon you with profusion. What have we not a right to expect from an author of such various excellence? what new wonders shall we not see flowing from his pen who has already traced out every beauty in the Temple of Taste.

It is this which makes me so passionately desirous of seeing all your works. Let me entreat you sir to send them to me, and to communicate them all without reserve. If among your manuscripts there be any which you think prudent to conceal, I promise to preserve them with the most secret circumspection, and shall be content with admiring without a partner of my pleasure. I know; (my own misfortunes have taught me the lesson) that the faith of princes is but little respected in our days. However I hope you will not suffer yourself to be influenced by prejudices, or at least that you will make an exception to the general rule in my favour.

I shall esteem myself richer in the possession of your works than in all the transitory despicable gifts of fortune. Chance has bestowed them, and the same chance can take them away. Your works may be made my own; and they shall be my companions while I have memory. My memory is but indifferent, your works however shall be the last lessons that shall leave it.

If poetry was now upon the same footing as formerly, if our poets were employed as then only in composing silly pastorals, insipid stanzas, gingling out at best an elegy, I should for ever renounce the profession. But you have ennobled the art, you have trod unbeaten paths, and shewn us beauties unknown to \*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\*.

Your poetry has such qualities, as will render it respectable, and worthy the admiration of every honest man. It may be regarded as a course of Ethics where we learn how to think and how to behave. Virtue is there painted in the most engaging colours, our idea of true glory is there determined; and a passion for science is so finely inculcated in every page that the humblest talents aspire at the ambition of pursuing your footsteps, in the paths of fame. How often have I said within myself, unhappy man discontinue a pursuit that surpasses your powers, it is impossible to imitate Voltaire without being

being Voltaire himself. It is in these moments I perceive that the advantages of birth avail but little or indeed nothing at all. These are distinctions that are not ours, they may decorate a figure but do not enrich the man. How far superior to such idle gewgaws are the endowments of the mind, virtue and wisdom.

Surely we owe much to those whom Nature has taken peculiar pains in distinguishing from the rest of mankind. She does her duty in producing talents capable of improving arts and sciences, it is the duty of princes to reward them. O what glory would I arrogate to myself if it were permitted me to crown your successes. I only fear that a country like mine by no means productive of laurels, would never be able to supply enough to equal your merits. However, if fortune will never be kind enough to let me have you here entirely to myself, at least permit me to hope that I shall one day have the pleasure of seeing a man whom I have so long admired at a distance, and of assuring him with my own mouth, that I am, with all the respect which they deserve who, following the torch of truth, consecrate their labours to the public good,

sir, your most affectionate friend,

FREDERIC Prince Royal of PRUSSIA.

[To be continued]

To Mrs. STANHOPE.

MADAM,

As your magazine is chiefly calculated for the ladies, I send you the following remarks upon a boarding-school education for their perusal, who am,

your humble servant,

PRUDENTIA.

MADAM,

FROM the number of boarding-schools which are set up of late and encouraged in and about this metropolis, one would imagine that the education of young ladies was become the attention and chief study of every parent, yet, when I reflect upon their present customs, I cannot help thinking every indi-





ous Sovereign; for this reason, the present Archbishop of Canterbury had the honour of baptizing his Majesty, who is also intended of having the high honour of marrying him to his intended consort; which honour would be claimed as a matter of right by the prelate who should otherwise happen to be bishop of London.

Yesterday the Subscribers to the eleven millions four hundred thousand pounds to be raised for the service of the present year were to make good a payment of ten per cent. on the said capital at the Bank.

*A list of Preferments.*

The Revd. Mr. William Blackstone, A. B. to the vicarage of Yelverton, in Leicestershire.

The Revd. Mr. William Adkin, to the rectory of Toft in Norfolk.

His grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has collated the Revd. Mr. Corbridge of St. Martins, Ludgate, to the vicarage of Fighelden, near Amesbury in Wiltshire.

The Revd. Mr. Steels, Trinity-College, Cambridge, to the livings of Holmcs and Burton, in Dorsetshire.

The Revd. George Tolk, to the vicarage of Uppington, in Leicestershire.

*Births.*

The lady of the hon. Mr. Cholmondeley was delivered of a daughter.

*A list of Marriages.*

Maurice Leonard, Esq; of the Inner-Temple, to Miss Brigit Gordon, daughter of Mr. Gordon, in Newgate-street.

The Revd. Mr. Benning, vicar of Abingdon in Cambridgeshire, and late fellow of St. Peter's College, to Mrs. Stevenson, relict of — Stevenson, Esq; of Newton in the same county.

Joseph Peacock, Esq; to Miss Cuffe. Mr. David Powell, jun. an Italian merchant in Old Broad-street, to Miss

Clarke, daughter of Mr. John Clarke, without Bishopsgate.

The Rev. Mr. Roberts, fellow of King's-college, Cambridge, to Miss Pitt, of Gloucester.

Philip Bedingsfield, Esq; to Mrs. Forster of Norwich.

Francis Seymore, Esq; of Sherborn in Dorsetshire, to Miss Chudleigh of the same place.

Mr. George Kearsley, bookseller in Ludgate-street, to Miss Kitty Chillingworth, daughter of the late Mr. Chillingworth.

*Deaths.*

The Rev. James le Merchant, A. M. Rector of Longworth, in Hampshire.

John Newell, Esq; at Michaelstowntown in the county of Cork, Ireland, in the 127th year of his age, and retained his senses to the last. He was grandson to Old Par of England, who lived to the age of 152 years.

Mrs. Mary Cooper, an eminent bookseller in Pater-noster-row.

Mrs. Franklin, wife of Mr. Franklin, an eminent bookseller, in Covent-garden.

The Rev. Mr. Wigley, senior fellow of Christ college, Cambridge, rector of Kegworth in Leicestershire, and one of his majesty's preachers at Whitehall.

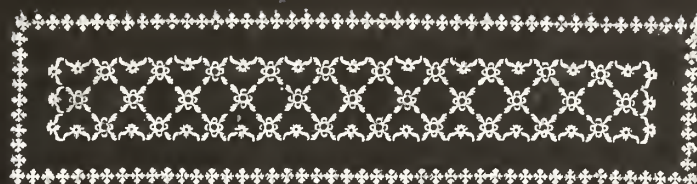
The most Rev. Dr. John Gilbert, archbishop of York, primate of all England, lord high almoner to the king, and one of the lords of his majesty's most hon. privy council, at Montpellier-row, Twickenham.

Price Fellows, Esq; at Hackney, aged 92.

Perry Mayne, Esq; formerly admiral of the red, at his seat at Mortlake in Surrey.

The lady of Sir Robert Throckmorton, of Buckland, near Farringdon, Berks.

Thomas Smith, Esq; suddenly in his chair, one of the six general accountants of the excise.



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1761.



## The Life of VOLTAIRE, [continued]

VOLTAIRE to the Prince of Prussia.

My LORD,

Should be insensible, were I not infinitely pleased with the letter with which your Royal Highness has deigned to honour me. In it I found many incentives to self-love, and never had so much reason to be pleased with my own performances; but the love I bear to all mankind, a passion which ever lies next my heart, and which, if I may be allowed to judge, constitutes my character, raised in me a pleasure much more sincere and exalted; when I find that there is in the world a prince, who thinks as a man, who acts like a philosopher, and who will one day render my fellow creatures happy.

Permit me to assure you there is not upon earth a man who does not owe you his thanks for your endeavours to cultivate a mind, born to empire, deserving to command.

Be convinced that there was never a king truly good, who has not first commenced like you by instructing himself in his duty, by endeavouring to know mankind, by loving truth, by detesting superstition and persecution. There never was a prince, who conducted his youth in this manner that was not capable of recalling among his subjects the golden age. What is the cause then why so few kings desire thus to excel? You

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perceive, my Lord, the reason. Their thoughts are more employed on royalty than humanity. You follow a quite contrary conduct. Rest assured, that if the intrigues of a court, or the villany of mankind do not tarnish so divine a character, you will one day be the idol of your subjects, and the delight of mankind. Philosophers, men who are worthy the appellation, will fly into your dominions; and as artizans come in crowds to the country where their respective art is most encouraged, so will all those who have learned to think, come to surround your throne.

The illustrious Christina of Sweden, quitted a kingdom to go in quest of the arts. Reign, happily my lord, and the arts will come to seek you.

Let not the disputes of the learned ever prejudice you against learning. You may perceive in those things which I have had the honour of having communicated to me by your Royal Highness, that they are at best but men. You will often find them as avaricious, as intriguing, as false, and as cruel as courtiers themselves. The only difference between the pests of a court and the pests of a college is, that the latter are more ridiculous.

It is a reflection somewhat mortifying to humanity, that the men who profess themselves to be ambassadors from the divinity, and interpreters of his will, I mean the divines, are often the most dangerous enemies to virtue. It is mortifying to think that such are often as pernicious in society as obscure in their notions; as much inflated with cruelty and pride, as their minds are void of truth and justice. Such men would disturb the repose of all mankind for a Sophism, and engage the monarchs of the earth to vindicate with fire and sword the honour of an argument in Fero or Baraliopton. Every thinking being who does not come into their sentiments, is an atheist, and every king who refuses to espouse their quarrel is consigned to damnation.

You are conscious, my Lord, that the best way of treating those pretended teachers, but real enemies of mankind, is to abandon them to themselves; their arguments are lost when neglected, and disperse like the wind in empty air; but if authority adds weight to their wranglings, the storm acquires force, such as has often overturned a throne.

I perceive, my Lord, with joy, with such joy as the prospect of human welfare inspires, the distinction you make between those who, fond of peace are solicitous only for the truth, and those who are willing to make war for words, perhaps of

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an equivocal signification. It is Newton, Leibnitz, Bayle and Locke, who have thus perfected your sentiment, and lifted your soul.

I cannot sufficiently pay my acknowledgments to your Royal Highness for the favour done me in sending me the little treatise concerning Mr. Wolf.

I regard his metaphysics as one of the greatest efforts of human genius. They are like flashes of lightning illuminating a dark night, they tell us all that can be expected from metaphysics. We have little hopes to expect that the first principles of things should be ever made manifest. The mouse which resides in some little hole in a large building, can neither know whether the fabric be eternal, nor who the architect is, nor to what end he raised the pile. It endeavours to preserve its little life; to people its hole, and fly those animals of prey its natural enemies. What are we but mice? and the divine Architect, who has raised our universe, has not hitherto, that I know of, communicated his secrets to any. If any can give a guess that seems nearest the truth, it is perhaps Mr. Wolf. His opinions may be controverted, but his wisdom must be esteemed, since his philosophy is far from being pernicious. Can there be any thing more true and more noble than when he says, men should be just, even when they are so unfortunate as to be Atheists?

You have been so kind, my Lord, as to promise to send me his treatise upon God, the Soul, and the World. How great the present, how honourable the correspondence? the heir of a crown deigns from the bosom of his palace to send his instructions to a poor recluse. Honour me with the present, my Lord, my passionate love for truth perhaps renders me worthy the favour. The majority of princes fear even to hear the truth; your Highness is the first to teach it.

With respect to poetry, your observations on this head are as sensible as those upon every other occasion. Poetry, which teaches no new or striking truth, scarcely deserves to be read. There is no merit in putting common place subjects or sentiments into rhyme; if there be any employment more trifling, it is that of being a satyrists, and of writing only to decry the works of others. Those Poets are in Parnassus, what doctors are in the schools, they understand only words, and cavil with such as write of things.

If the Henriade has not displeased your Royal Highness, I must thank that love of truth, that detestation of the factions which breaths throughout my poem. I have not spared the

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evil, the superstitious, the tyrant, or the rebel; these may be reasons why I have acquired your esteem. It is the work of an honest man, it ought to find grace in the eyes of a philosophic prince.

You command me to send you my other works, I will obey you, my Lord. You shall be my judge, and I will oppose your opinion to the voice of the public. To you will I submit what I have hazarded in philosophy, your corrections shall be my recompence, a recompence that but few sovereigns can bestow. I am convinced of your secrecy, your virtue must be equal to your wisdom.

I shall regard it as my principal pleasure to be able to come one day to acknowledge in person the honour your Royal Highness has conferred upon me. Men travel to Rome in order to see churches, ruins, pictures and bas-reliefs, a prince like you should much rather claim the attention and curiosity of travellers, for few rarities of this kind are to be met with. But friendship, which endears my present retreat, will not at present permit me to leave it. You seem to me rather a man than a prince, you will not consequently be offended, my Lord, if friends are to be preferred even to kings.

In whatsoever corner of the world I shall finish my course, be assured, my Lord, that I shall still put up my prayers for your happiness, in other words, for the happiness of your people. I shall ever rank myself among the number of your subjects, and take every occasion to raise my own glory by doing justice to yours. That you may ever resemble yourself and that king's may learn to resemble you, is the ardent wish of,

Sir, Your most devoted humble servant,

VOLTAIRE.

The friend here mentioned was M. la marquise du Chatelet, his dearest Emilia, as he often called her. Her he regarded as his most valuable possession, preferred her company even to that of kings. He gave strength to her sentiments, and she added grace to his. There is perhaps no society more proper to form a poet than that of woman, for ease and elegance of expression are better learned among them than from the rhetorical chair. But the distinctions paid our poet by majesty, and the endearments he received from friendship, only served, by encreasing envy, to encrease the number of his enemies. Some years before this an ecclesiastic, the Abbe des Fontaines, one who had some little reputation for poetry, was accused of

of sodomy and expelled his convent upon that suspicion. Poor and infamous he knew not where to apply for succour, from his own order he received only reproaches, and the public paid his merits but small regard. Our poet saw him an object of compassion, he imagined it doubly his duty to relieve him, since he was in distress, and a poet. He therefore procured his indigent brother all the conveniencies of life, made use of his interest to clear his reputation, and at last effectually re-established a character which he imagined had been unjustly injured. There are some obligations too great for gratitude. That is a debt the poor pay as an equivalent for favours; but when those become so great that no gratitude can equal, the mind becomes bankrupt and pays with envy instead of acknowledgments. Such was the case of the Abbe des Fontaines; and a man whom small obligations might have eternally bound, became an enemy by being too much obliged. I shall not pretend to say that Des Fontaines was the only person in fault upon this occasion. Voltaire might have required a deference which transcended the bounds of friendship. Des Fontaines could only regard him as an equal, and our poet wanted to be treated as a superior.

Their friendship, as was natural to be expected, was soon converted into hatred. They mutually taxed each other with pride and ingratitude, and at last pleaded before the bar of the public, where each was more solicitous of injuring his opponent than of defending himself. Des Fontaines wrote a pamphlet intitled *Anti Volteriana*, containing all the little levities of Voltaire's youth, some true, others taken up on groundless report; he added also, the faults of his father and his family to encrease the sum, and exhausted all that malice could suggest upon the occasion.

But Des Fontaines did not maintain the unequal combat alone. Rousseau, a man of true genius, whose odes are perhaps as beautiful as those of Horace entered into the confederacy, and Ramsay served to complete the triumvirate.

In the republic of letters, he who arrogates superiority is sure to be disappointed; in vain he has the voice of the people, that is lost in idol murmurs; but the press is against him, and that speaks in characters far more lasting. Voltaire found himself attacked in that part he held most dear, in his moral character.

He appears sensibly wounded by his antagonist, for there is scarce a subsequent publication of his which does not make mention of the falsehood or the ingratitude of his enemies.

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They now fought him at a disadvantage, they felt not his blows for they did not value reputation, while their wounds stabb'd him to the heart for he had a character to lose. The same he had acquired for the tragedy of *Alzira*, served to increase their fury, and they only waited an opportunity to renew the assault. The opportunity was soon given, in the year 1736 some time after the date of the preceeding letters, he published a little poem, intituled *La Defense du Mondain*, or *An apology for Luxury*. In this he endeavours to prove, that luxuries are rather serviceable than detrimental to an opulent people. This his enemies eagerly caught up, Des Fontaines had interest with one of his brethern who had an influence on cardinal Fleury, the piece was represented to this weak minister as a libel, as containing many shocking impieties, and the author as deserving the severest punishment. Voltaire had scarce time to make his defence, he was banished France, and thus at last obliged to yield to the vindictive persecution of Des Fontaines, his inveterate enemy. The prince of Prussia, upon hearing our poets calamitous situation, repeated his offers of friendship, and invited him into his kingdom; Voltaire however declined the invitation, and chose to reside in the palace of the dutchess of — at Cirey — where he employed his time in instructing her grace in the polite arts. It was here and for her use he drew up that system of universal history, which, (whatever may be his fidelity) is certainly a fine instance of the solidity of his judgement, and his intimate acquaintance with human nature. This work he sent to the king of Prussia, who thus compliments him in a letter on the occasion.

[To be continued]

A Letter from the E. of Clarendon, to his Daughter Ann, Dutchess of York, on her turning Roman Catholick.

YOU have much reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble or displease you, especially in an argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to myself. But as no distance of place that is between us, in respect of our residence, or the greater distance, in respect of the higher condition you are in, can make me less your father, or absolve me from performing those obligations which that relation requires from me;

Mag. to his Daughter Ann, Dutchess of York. 103

me; so when I receive any credible advertisement of what reflects upon you in point of conscience, honour or discretion, I ought not to admit the informing you of it, or the omni- nistring such advice to you, as to my understanding seems reasonable, and what, I must still hope, will have some credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you writ to me many months since, upon those reproaches, which I told you were generally reported concerning your defection in religion, gave me so much satisfaction, that I believe them to proceed from the ill spirit of the time, that delights in slander and calumny. But I must tell you, the report increases of late very much, and I myself saw a letter last week, from Paris, from a person, who said, that the English ambassador assured him the day before, that the dutchess was become a Roman Catholick: and, which makes greater impression on me, I am assured that many good men in England, who have great affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible, than that there should be such a change in you, are at present under much affliction with the observation of a great change in their course of life, and that constant exercise of your devotion, which was so notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent discourses, that you have not the same reverence and veneration, which you used to have for the church of England: the church in which you were baptized, and the church the best instituted, and most free from errors of any christian church this day in the world. And that some persons, by their insinuations, have prevailed with you to have a better opinion of that which is most opposite to it, the church of Rome, than the integrity thereof deserves. It is not yet in my power to believe that your will and understanding (with God's blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken further than the melancholic reflections upon the iniquity and wickedness of the age we live in, which discredits all religion, and which, with equal license, breaks into the professors of all, and prevails upon the members of all churches; and whose manners will have no benefit from the faith of a church. I presume you do not intangle yourself in the particular controversies between the Romonists and us, or think yourself a competent judge of all difficulties which occur therein, and therefore it must be some fallacious argument of antiquity and universality, confidently urg'd by men, who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any scruples or doubts in you. And if you will with equal temper hear those,





the Champion was brought up between the high constable and earl Marshal, followed by four pages, and preceded by the herald, who pronounced the challenge, the Champions two Esquires with his lance and target, two serjeants at arms, and the trumpets, the knight marshal going before to clear the passage.

Immediately after the return of the champion; Garter king at arms, attended by the rest of the Heralds, proclaimed his Majesty's style in Latin, French, and English, three several times; first, upon the top of the steps near the table; next, in the middle of the hall; and lastly at the bottom of the hall.

The second course was then served up in the same order as the first, The several services, which had been allowed by the court of claims, were performed; and his Majesty was pleased after dinner, to confer the honour of knighthood upon John Bridge, Esq; standard bearer, and Owen Jones, Esq; senior gentlemen of the band of gentlemen pensioners, and Charles Townley, Esq; Clarencieux king of arms.

On one side the King's silver medals, thrown amongst the people on the coronation-day, is his bust, and these words *GEORGIVS III. D. G. M. BRIT. FR. ET HIB. REX. F. D.* and on the reverse, *PATRIÆ OVANTI.* To the country triumphing, with Britania holding a crown over his head, the king sitting, and the inscription, *CORON. XXII. SEPT. MDCCLXI.*

On one side of the Queen's, she is represented at half length, and in the exergue are these words, *CHARLOTTE D. G. M. B. FR. ET HIB. REGINA.* On the other her Majesty at full length, and over her a seraph descending with a crown, and going to place it on her head: in the exergue, *QUÆSITVM MERITIS.* By merit obtained. And in the inscription, *CORON. XXII. SEPT. MDCCLXI.*

List of the barons of the Cinque Ports, who carried the canopy of their Majesties at the Coronation.

Hastings.—The King's canopy. Edward Milward, Esq; mayor; William Ashburnham, member for the said port; John Pelham, Esq;—The Queen's. Luke Spence, Esq; Richard Ridout, Esq. Rose Fuller, member for Maidstone.

Sandwich.—The King's canopy. Richard Solly, Solomon Ferrier, Valentine Sayer, jun.—The Queen's. John Dilnot, Will. Maundy, Samuel Simmons.

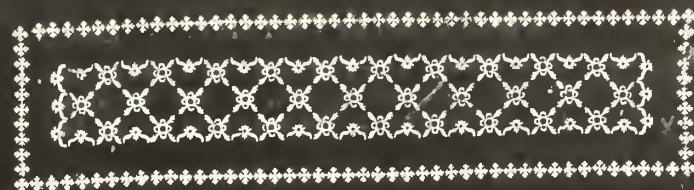
Dover.—The King's canopy. Sir Wyndham Knatchbul, Bart. knight of the shire for Kent; Dr. Simpson, member for Dover.—The Queen's. David Papillon, jun. Esq; commissioner of excise; Charles Whitworth, Esq; member for Blechingly.

Romney.—The King's canopy. Edward Dering, Thomas Knight, jun. Esqrs. members for the said port.—The Queen's. Jacob Walter, Esq; John Rolph, Esq.

Hyth.—The King's canopy. Sir Brook Bridges, Bart. Thomas Pym Hales, Esq;—The Queen's. Wm. Evelyne, Esq; member for the said port; William Deeds, Esq;

Rye.—The King's canopy. George Onslow, Esq; knight of the shire, for Surry, Thomas Lamb, Esq; mayor.—The Queen's. Christopher Slade, Esq; William Davis, Esq.

Winchelsea.—The king's canopy. Thomas Orby Hunter, Esq; member for the said port, Col. George Gray.—The Queen's. Richard Waddreps, Esq; John Nichol, Esq.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR OCTOBER, 1761.

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The Life of VOLTAIRE, [continued]

From the King of Prussia to Mr. Voltaire

My LORD,

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F all histories were wrote in the manner of that which you send me, we should be better acquainted with the manners of mankind, and less liable to be led into errors by disagreeing historians. The more I know you, the more I find you to be an extraordinary man. I have read every page of your history three or four times over; so much am I charmed with the manner in which it is written. Every line has meaning, every sentence teems with excellent reflection, without false thought, without puerilities, and guided by the most exact impartiality. When I have read the whole work, I shall send you some short remarks, particularly with regard to the German names which are frequently misspelled. As this may throw some obscurity upon the performance, I shall take care to correct them.

For my part, I could wish that all our books were written only by you; if so, we should at least unite pleasure with profit, and be often deceived into instruction.

I frequently lose all patience with the trite reflections, the tedious remarks, and the disgusting dryness that appears in many histories. The reader must himself be at the trouble  
Vol. III. U of





of digesting such crudities. You spare your readers this trouble. Whether a man has judgment or not, he may be equally instructed by your performances. He only need use his Memory, and grow wise.

I conjure you, my dear friend, to send me all the productions of your present retirement, and be assured, you oblige one who cannot be ungrateful.

F. R. P.

The banishment of Mr. Voltaire, at this time was but short. His Friends were active in defending his innocence, and laid his case before the king in such convincing lights, that he was pleased to recall him from exile, and restore him to favour. His good fortune, however, was of no long continuance, and only previous to a new disaster. Among the number of favourites at that time at court, was madame de Pompadour, a lady of as much beauty as ever graced a court, but of as indifferent morals as ever disgraced her sex. She had art enough to gain an entire ascendant over the king, and ambition to convert her power into self-interest. While she and her relations sold places, and disposed of employments, the nation became almost bankrupt. Wretches raised without merit from obscurity, place all their ambition in wealth and magnificence. Such were her relations, sacrificing every public consideration to money, and even without a blush, avowing their rapacity. I have before mentioned, that Voltaire had been constituted historiographer to the king. This post had been usually considered as the reward of flattery and not of truth, and was generally bestowed accordingly. Our poet however, who despised his predecessors for being no better than first flatterers of state, was resolved to shew his integrity, though at the expence of his happiness. He intimated with the utmost humility to his majesty, that he feared he could not give posterity those favourable ideas of Lewis XV. which he had done of his predecessor. That a mind filled with love, could leave no room for that paternal affection a king owed his people: and he concluded, by praising madame de Pompadour's beauty; but at the same time, insinuating her artifice. This was enough to banish him from court, a disgrace which gave him not the least concern, as he ever preferred the tranquillity of retirement to the glare of pageantry, or perhaps it might be his peculiar temper to dislike all acquaintance with those that presumed to be his superiors. Among his friends in Paris, he led the life of a man and a philosopher, professed himself the protector of indigent merit; every youth, whose genius led to poetry, found in him

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an encourager; if poor, a supporter; and if rich, a friend. He despised both the court and all the honours it could bestow, laughed at Racine who was slave enough to die at the frown of a tyrant, vindicated the cause of liberty in a land of slaves, and by his single example, gave a new mode of thinking to the wits of Paris. However, though he despised the company of courtiers, they did not think proper to over-look him; some sought his conversation with the utmost assiduity, and others pretended to regard him as a dangerous member of the state. Among this number was Mr. ——— first commissioner of the customs, who owed him an old grudge. This gentleman had endeavoured to lay a tax upon printing, and to oblige every author to put his name to his own performance. Voltaire, who saw how much such a law, if it should take place, would obstruct the progress of literature, wrote against him with judgment and success. Part of his letter on this occasion, is as follows:

"Since, Sir, you are upon the point of banishing the polite arts from among us, permit me at least to testify my sorrow upon the occasion; for, who would not be vexed to see the wings of our poets which were given them to fly like eagles, clipped down, and only fit to sweep our kitchens? Genius soars in liberty; make it a slave, and you will find it hardly able to crawl. Had there been a literary inquisition established at Rome, we should not now have either Horace, Juvenal, or the philosophical works of Cicero. If Milton, Dryden, Pope and Locke, had not been free, England would neither have had Poets or Philosophers. A Turk could only forbid printing, and what is taxing it, but forbidding it? Be content, Sir, with repressing defamatory libels, for they are crimes; but at least permit Bayle and his works to see France, and make not those goods counterband, which do the greatest honour to our country. Perhaps you will answer, that we have too many books already. You would not say that you are possessed of too much money already, and yet one assertion is as just as the other. None are obliged to buy books. A large library resembles the city of Paris, which contains about eight hundred thousand inhabitants: you do not converse with them all, you chuse a few from the number, and those you change at pleasure. It is just so with regard to books. You chuse a few select ones, which are treated like friends, from the number. There may be, for instance, eight hundred thousand polemic divines, fifteen or sixteen thousand romances, all which you never read, millions of periodical trifles which may be thrown in the fire as soon as read. A man of taste,

reads





reads only such books as are worthy, and the man who understands his country's interest permits them all. The thoughts of mankind are become an important object of commerce; the booksellers of Holland gain a million in the year, because the French have learned to write.

A Romance, I am sensible, is among books, what a block-head, who pretends to wit, is in the world. We may despise both, but yet we sometimes keep them company. Besides, a Romance supposes both the author who has composed it, and the bookseller who has published it, the artist who founds the type, the printer, the paper-maker, the bookbinder, and the coffee-house man. The work also amuses some women for a few hours, for these require new books as well as others; thus desirable as it is, it has two remarkable advantages attending the publication, profit and pleasure.

Our plays deserve still greater encouragement. Not that I consider them as contributing to make men good by keeping them from more pernicious amusements, for this would be mere cant; but these may be justly styled lessons of morality, virtue, and refined behaviour. Corneille has established among the French, a school where the mind is taught elevation and greatness; Moliere instructs in civil life and domestic œconomy. Men of genius among us who have received their instructions, attract the admiration and curiosity of strangers, who come to receive their education in Paris, and contribute to its grandeur and opulence. Our poor are thus sustained, and our country enjoys voluntary subjection from nations, that in other respects hold us in detestation.

It has always been one of the most shining parts of Voltaire's character to have defended his profession against the encroachments of power or the contempt of ignorance. Whenever the ministry were resolved upon taxing the press, in other words, laying an embargo upon the little wit of the age, he was foremost in its defence; whenever wrangling wits, by the opposition of their satire, brought poetry as well as themselves into disesteem, he served as moderator between them; nay, sometimes has defended the cause of genius against both; as either seemed regardless of the honours due to his profession. His reply to the commissary had the intended effect, it warded off the threatened blow from the republic of letters, but then it fell with violence upon Voltaire himself: the commissary professed himself from this time his avowed enemy, to which resentment our poet opposed nothing but the rectitude of his intentions.

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But he had still another enemy at court, as undeservedly so as the former. The story is as follows, In the year 1734, he happened to be present when the D. of Berwick besieged Philipsbourg. As he was a favourite of the general's, he lived with the head officers in the utmost intimacy, his wit enlivened them in the intervals of war, and as he did not dispute their courage so they were content to allow him the lead in every conversation. Wits have ever been remarkable for cowardice, and the French officers had an inclination to try whether Voltaire was in every respect respondent to that character. Men frequently take a pleasure in finding out the foibles of the great, and exposing those parts of a superior character which sink beneath their own. They had frequently exhorted him to the trenches, and now and then jestingly insisted upon his going upon an assault; but our poet cautiously refused their kind intentions, informing them that fighting was not his trade, and when they had earned the victory he would immortalize it with a song. It was resolved however, that the facetious creature should feel what it was to be in danger; and accordingly one morning he was roused out of bed by a file of musqueteers at his door, who had orders to conduct him to the general's tent. He never liked a file of musqueteers since he had been conducted to the Bastille; and now felt much uneasiness upon hearing the fellows mutter that he was arrested as a spy. His apprehensions were increased upon meeting none of his friends in his way to the general; but they were turned into fright, when upon entering the tent he perceived his intimate acquaintances whom he had made happy the preceding night by his conversation, regard him with the utmost degree of coolness mixed with pity. He asked, entreated, to know what business the general had with him; but all present shook their heads without deigning to answer. Thus he stood fretting in a circle of dismal faces, himself the most dismal figure among them; at last however the general, who had been a spectator of his distress from behind the canvas, made his appearance, and politely told Mr. Voltaire and the rest of the company that dinner was ready; and addressing himself to our poet in particular, assured him that the capons were excellent. And truly so they ought, replied the bard, for I never bought a dinner so dear in my life. He bore this jest with the utmost good humour, and as he thought himself very well entitled to repartee, wrote a short poem on the siege of Philipsbourg. He begins with all the pomp and solemnity of diction; describes his heroes as attacking the enemy amidst the thunder of cannon, and scaling the walls though

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opposed by thousands. For this, my brave sons of Mars, concludes he, your country regards you as her greatest glory; for this your wives and mistresses at home are ready to crown you with laurels, and with horns. Who would have thought a trifling piece of humour like this could have raised him a serious enemy? Who could have imagined that general satire like this could find a particular application? however it was resented; for unfortunately it happened to be true. No satire strikes deeper than humour when particularly applied; gravity in rebuke looks like resentment; humour wears the appearance of contempt. In short one of the generals never forgave him, and he was one of those who were active in influencing the government in his prejudice.

[To be continued.]

### Thoughts upon the Present Situation of Affairs:

**T**HOUGH I seldom indulge myself in political speculations, yet the continuance of the present war, and the late revolutions of the ministry would call for even weakness itself to rejoice or to deplore in the general concern. It was a maxim in one of the states of Greece that none, not even women should sit unconcerned in the calamities or threatened dangers of their country. For my part I would advise my own sex in the same manner to shew a becoming concern for the public, provided they give way neither to violence, nor affectation. I think it a duty becoming us, whose greatest power is exerted in peace, to wish for its return. In imitation of our great queen, I could eagerly desire to see the sword sheathed, and our brothers, fathers, husbands, children, returned in safety. To protract the war may bring perhaps an accession of wealth, or honour; but I doubt whether it can add new happiness.

The empire of England now happily finds itself in the most glorious circumstances it has hitherto ever experienced; more formidable abroad, and more powerful at home. The conjuncture is decisive in its favour, and if its negotiations do not complete what its arms have begun, they are lost for ever.

But while we see and enjoy our present successes, we should prudently consider them as glorious, only because likely to be productive of a lasting peace; that is the reward of all our fatigue, and if we have that with security and honour, every end of war is answered. I must own, that I have with great pleasure observed their Britannic and Prussian majesties former de-

declarations, in which they testify their desire of re-establishing the tranquillity of Europe, and bringing on a general peace. I cannot without admiration think that we have ministers, who in the midst of success, and surrounded with conquest and glory, should still so far prefer the interests of mankind to their own as to make the first propositions.

But while we applaud their sagacity, let us not encrease their difficulties, by expecting more advantageous terms of peace, (if there should be a congress for that purpose) than is consistent with the honour of our enemies to give, than is consistent with our own security to accept. The greater our expectations, the greater difficulty will our ministers find in bringing the enemy to terms, by this means the wish'd-for peace will be protracted, and the rest left to the event of uncertain success.

There is not a more certain maxim in politics, than that a peace bought too dear can never last long; it is the part therefore of a victorious people to give up something of its advantages, and to soften their enemies dishonour, with such terms as may keep them content with their situation.

There is another maxim, which experience has ever testified the truth of; I mean, that an empire, by too great a foreign power may lessen its natural strength, and that dominion often becomes more feeble as it grows more extensive. The ancient Roman empire is a strong instance of the truth of the assertion; one of their emperors perceived too late its natural weakness, but could not attempt to lessen it, as that would be an indication of the motive of his fears. The Ottoman power at present, as a late ingenious writer has observed, is one of the most extensive, yet perhaps one of the most feeble empires in the world; is it not possible for England to have colonies too large for her natural power to manage? Of this we may be very sure, the more powerful her colonies become, the less obedient will they be to another's power.

There is still a third maxim, which I would beg leave to repeat on this occasion; I mean, that a country may be very wretched and very successful; resembling a lighted taper, which the brighter it blazes, only consumes the faster. Sweden is, perhaps, as strong an instance of this truth, as history can shew. In the very midst of the victories of its romantic monarch, never was there so wretched a nation seen; without money that would pass out of their own dominions, without trade, and even without content. Let us not build too

much





On Tuesday evening Mr. Beckman of Canonbury house, Islington, was robbed in his coach by a single highwayman in the new road, opposite the duke of Bedford's.

Friday five prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Richard Perrotte for the wilful murder of Ann his wife, by cutting her tongue out: and Esther Rowden, for the wilful murder of her female bastard child; Stephen Dane, for the murder of Eliza Hannah in Russel-street, was found guilty of manslaughter; Frances Whaley tried for the murder of her female bastard child, was acquitted; and one other acquitted.

Christopher Flinn, lately apprehended for the highway, was examined before Sir John Fielding; when several people of fashion, who have been lately robbed, swore to the identity of his person. The gang to which he belonged have committed an incredible number of robberies round this metropolis.

Thursday, 29.

Dr. Urvoy, the French quack, (who formerly lived in the Old-Bailly) made his appearance in public, by standing in the pillory, at the Session's-house gate; and next morning he sat on his travels for North-America, with the rest of the transports.

Next day six prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailly, one whereof was capitally convicted, viz. Samuel Lee, for publishing a bill of exchange for 50l. with intent to defraud Mr. Price, and others. Thomas Morris was tried for the murder of Eliza Obeare, and acquitted. Three were cast for transportation, one of whom was a journeyman Upholterer, for stealing goods at a lady's where he was sent to do business; upon which trial two persons for swearing the prisoner was possessed of part of the said goods some months before the lady lost them, were committed to Newgate for perjury.

### PREFERMENTS.

The revd. Mr. David Owen, to the living of Ryton, in Shropshire.

### BIRTHS.

The lady of Henry Skiffner, Esq; of a son, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The lady of lord Sondes of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

John Paterson, Esq; member of parliament for Ludgarshall in Wiltshire, to Mrs. Hope.

Sir Robert Staples, bart. to miss Staples, daughter of the revd. mr. Thomas Staples.

Lieutenant William Marshall, of the Leicestershire militia, to miss Wyatt, of Rumford in Essex.

### DEATHS.

Mrs. Ann Littlemore: she has bequeathed 50 guineas to Westminster hospital.

Mr. John Gregory, one of his majesties musicians in ordinary, at his house in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square.

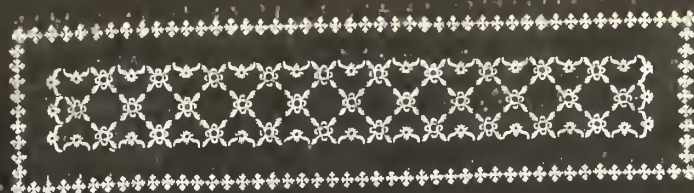
William Brogden, Esq; at his house in James's-street, Bedford-row.

Mr. Poyner, Apothecary, at Islington.

The Rev. Dr. Philip Bearcraft, master of the charterhouse, secretary to the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts, and chaplain in ordinary to his majesty.

David Eagle, aged upwards of eighty, who has lived above thirty years by begging about the streets of this city, and for the last seven years lodged in Bread-street, and paid sixpence a night for his lodging, but never suffered any body to go into his room, either to clean it or make his bed, nor suffered a clean pair of sheets to be laid on the bed, since the first night he lodged there. On searching the cloaths he wore every day, they found 23l. 3s. 1. and are in expectation of finding more concealed in the room.

Sir Griffith Boynton, Bart. at his seat at Burton Agnes in Yorkshire.



## THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1761.



### The Life of VOLTAIRE, [continued]

It has been already observed, that M. Pompadour, was by no means in his esteem, this dislike he was fool enough to publish in a short satire, in which the king is represented as losing the complaints of the kingdom on her bosom, and preferring the allurements of a strumpet to the voice of virtue and fame. Nothing spreads sooner than scandal or satire; this little performance was quickly read at court, and the king was soon apprized of its author. All Voltaire's former advice, every ludicrous former publication was now construed into libel, and his enemies had a second opportunity of triumph.

The king weak, indolent, and voluptuous, could not brook any attempt to controul his pleasures. He testified the severest displeasure against the poet, but did not chuse to banish him in direct terms, as he had been long the favourite of the public. It was resolved to send him a private hint, that it would be pleasing if he thought proper, to quit the kingdom, and cardinal Fleury undertook to deliver the message. The cardinal, who was a good-natured honest man,

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only intended to procure both, that tranquillity by separation which he knew they could never enjoy in the same kingdom. He accordingly acquainted Voltaire of the king's pleasure, and our poet, contrary to his expectations refused to go, unless his expulsion was made public. This was a refusal that quite disconcerted his enemies; however, they were determined to try that by force, which he had refused to solicitation. An unexpected accident effected what all their intrigues could not do. His friend, mistress, and pupil M. de Chatelet died; for her conversation he had formerly withstood all the invitations of the king of Prussia, in her conversation, he found a lenitive against all the calumny of the envious, or the insults of the powerful. When she was gone, all those ties which held him to his country were broke, and he considered himself in every sense of the word as a citizen of the world. He was resolved to stay no longer in France, where his genius had been so ill rewarded, where every object only tended to remind him of his loss, in short he was determined to accept of the invitation of the king of Prussia, and went to acquaint his friend the cardinal Fleury, of his intentions. The cardinal gave him permission in form to quit France, and he prepared in the year 1739, to set out for the kingdom of Prussia, to grace the court of its philosophic monarch.

Frederic the second, who had only been prince of Prussia, when the correspondence between him and Mr. Voltaire commenced; had been for some time raised to the throne. There was much expected from him by his subjects while a prince; but when he came to be invested with regal power, he out did all their expectations. He had been forced to marry against his inclinations a princess of merit and beauty, however, while his father lived he refused either to cohabit with her, or even to see her. It was generally supposed, that he would aggravate the lady's misfortunes when he came to be king. But it was quite otherwise, the very day he was crowned, she also shared his honours, and though he had not seen her for some years before, his treatment of her was now changed, into the most assiduous complaisance. Those who had been his favourites in imprisonment, now expected to enjoy their monarch's bounty without rivals, however in this they happened to be disappointed, he knew that the desires of a courtier are an abyss that can never be filled up, wherefore, instead of lucrative rewards, he recompensed their steady adherence to his person by Honours. The truth is, the

the treasures left him by his father were designed for a very different purpose than that of gratifying their rapacity, there were about an hundred thousand favourites which were to be disciplined and sustained from the royal coffers. One of his courtiers one day in an excursion to the country, took an opportunity as they were observing the beauties of a little chappel, to go up into the pulpit, and lecture the king upon his ingratitude. The king heard him out very patiently, and when he had done, entreated him to accept of the incumbency of the chappel, for no man more deserved encouragement there than he, and he knew no place to which his talents were better suited. In short, he proved himself in every respect the father of his country, reformed the laws, promoted commerce, and invited into his dominions the arts and sciences. These he endeavoured to promote both from interest and inclination, his mornings were generally dedicated to study, part of the day to reviewing his troops, and the evenings to society; in those hours of vacant hilarity he always threw by the king, and conversed as a friend, and was often himself most successful in raising conversation into good humour. The persons who made at that time the most shining figure at his court, for either wit or learning, were, the marquis D'Argens, Maupertius, the baron Polnitz, and Wolfius.

The marquis D'Argens was graceful in person, regularly featured, and had an extreme vivacity in his eye; I mention these trifling particulars only because galantry constituted the greatest part of his character, and for this he was happily formed by Nature. He always endeavoured to unite in himself the man of pleasure and the philosopher, and only by this means called in the assistance of sentiment to refine his enjoyments, or in other words, all his philosophy consisted in epicurism. He was possessed of an agreeable fluency of speech, which though without meaning, gives more pleasure than the dictates of hesitating wisdom. He was formed for society and spoke infinitely better than he wrote, and wrote infinitely better than he lived. A man of pleasure often leads the most miserable life that can be conceived; such was his case, he considered every abatement in his enjoyments as insupportable, passed his day between rapture and disappointment, between the extremes of agony and bliss, and often felt a pang as poignant for want of appetite, as the wretch who wants a meal. In these intervals of spleen he usually kept his bed, and only rose when he was informed that it was to some varied mode of enjoyment.

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The king was delighted with this Frenchman's wit, was pleased with his conversation, but had too much wisdom to give him any other place at court than that of superintendant of the pleasures. He was empowered to invite singers and dancers from abroad, to be master of the ceremonies, on all court entertainments, and on those occasions to give laws to the king himself who never chose to be distinguished from the rest of his subjects, when in pursuit of pleasure.

Mauvertius was a man of a very different disposition; he had led in youth a life of academic severity, and practiced, and praised temperance. He was possessed of some genius but more industry; had read and digested a great deal, and was one of that cast of characters which are content, that there should be subordination in the literary world. He was perfectly acquainted with mathematics, and had read some poetry: from the one his writings have borrowed grace, from the other solidity. However they all want that characteristic of true genius, they contain nothing original, and while the reader can observe nothing to be censured, yet they have little that can be a subject of praise. What Mauvertius wanted in wit he always made up by prudence. This is an happy succedaneum to genius, and few who are possessed of the one in a very great degree, are found to enjoy the other. No levities ever carried him beyond the bounds of decency, no speech of his ever betrayed the least dislike of the king's conduct, or his measures; from hence he was regarded at first as an harmless good-natured man, and this by degrees grew into esteem, so that he had the good sense to make himself at last the principal favourite.

Bacon Polnitz was formed in the school of adversity, he had been in his youth the sport of fortune, travelled Europe without money, and all the friends he made were owing to his own address. The reader will readily conceive that he was now and then obliged to act the chevalier d'industrie; it must be owned, his integrity in those juvenile adventures has more than once been called in question. But as a companion (except Voltaire alone) perhaps none of his co-temporaries could exceed him; though in his writing he appears a servile encomiast, yet in conversation he always mixed something of the man-hater, which gave an air of shrewdness to his observations, and a strain of singularity to his manner. He had learned to read mankind, not by precept but experience, and as the needy generally see the worst side of those they converse with, he regarded human nature in the most disadvantageous views.

Wolf

Wolf had long been a professor in the university of Hall in Saxony, but indulging a metaphysical turn of thinking, he happened to differ from the modes of speculation at that time established in the schools, for which he was expelled the university. Distress alone was a recommendation sufficient to claim the king of Prussia's protection, he came over to the court of Berlin and was graciously received. Whatever opinion his Prussian majesty might have had of this professor in his youth, yet he soon altered his sentiments, and regarded him rather as a learned visionary than a man of wisdom.

The truth is, his performances are little more than trifling refinements on the opinions of Leibnitz, who being very erroneous himself, cannot be expected to have bequeathed precision to his followers. From the joint efforts of those men above-mentioned, and of some other too tedious to mention, the king was resolved to establish a society for the promotion of sciences and the Belles Lettres. The studies of the academy were divided into four different departments, each however serving to illustrate or advance the other. The first for metaphysics; the second for mathematics and experimental philosophy, the third, for the languages and Belles Lettres, and the fourth, for the study and propagation of religion. Mauvertius was chosen president, and the king himself became a member, and gave in his papers in turn.

This was a picture of the court of Berlin at the time Voltaire accepted his majesty's invitation. When the king was apprized of his arrival in his dominions he went to meet him, attended only by one domestic, some miles out of town, and gave him the most friendly and cordial reception; he found Voltaire more than even his hopes or his own works had described him. An easy fluency of animated observation, generally composed his conversation, he had for some time thrown aside the man of wit, for the more substantial character of the man of wisdom; he had now refined by study all that paradox of which he was once so fond; he assumed neither the character of a misanthrope like Polnitz, nor an undistinguishing admirer of the human species like D'Argens, the king perceived he was possessed of more historical learning than Mauvertius, and more sprightly sallies of imagination than himself, even in his gayest moments. But while I thus describe Voltaire's superiority, his faults must not be concealed; he was perfectly conscious of his own excellence, and demanded a deference from his brother poets, which they did not chuse to indulge. This at first raised some jealousies, and the king perceived them; but such was his address, so nicely did he divide





divide his favours and his marks of esteem among these rival wits, that each thought himself the favourite, and all contributed to render the court of Berlin the most polite in Europe. But whatever favours the king bestowed on others, Voltaire had in fact the strongest marks of his friendship and esteem. To him he communicated his writings, desired his opinion with regard to his future designs, and made him a partner in the secrets of his government. He was offered the most honourable and the most lucrative employments, but those he refused, alledging that it was not riches, but friendship, he sought from his connections with kings, and that he came not to impoverish the court, but to improve it. When Voltaire had rested some days after the fatigues of his journey, he thought it his duty to write to his old friend, cardinal Fleury, and at the same time, sent him a performance ascribed to the king of Prussia, intitled *Antimachiavel*. The letter and the book, the cardinal received with the most extreme satisfaction, and returned Voltaire his acknowledgements in a well-written epistle, in which he informs him of the pleasure he found in his present; adding, that if the author of the fine performance above-mentioned, was not a king, at least he deserved to be one, and though such a man was born in the humblest station, yet his merits would have raised him to the greatest. This letter Voltaire communicated to the king, and it was perhaps one cause of the speedy alliance which soon succeeded between the courts of France and Prussia. The greatest events often rise from the slightest causes. But the redressing grievances, reforming states, settling the balance of power, making treaties, and writing histories, were the serious employments of the court of Berlin, yet the innocent pleasures of retirement, where wisdom throws aside its severity, and the mind condescends to be pleased, even in opposition to the judgment, such harmless amusements I say, had their turn. The king, would now and then give into the most trifling sallies of gaiety, such as playing tricks, not those indeed an harlequin, or an antic, unnaturally exhibit, but such as tend to discover the human mind, and give new inlets into nature. He loved to excite a ridiculous distress in any of his courtiers, and enjoyed their uneasiness with great satisfaction. The reader will excuse me if I mention one which was told at Berlin when I was there. The court was to go into mourning upon the death of some prince, whose name I forget; but as it was for one night only, Voltaire did not care to be at the expence of a new suit of black, therefore he had recourse to a friend of his, a wine-merchant

in

Mag.

in the city, who lent him his coat, which however, as he was a corpulent man, and Voltaire slender to an excess, was by no means fitting. In order to remedy this, when our poet reached his lodgings, he bid his servant carry it to a taylor in or order to be taken in at the sides, but the footman or the taylor mistaking the orders, it was so cut as to make it impossible to be let out again. However, our poet figured in it for the night, and very confidently sent it back the next morning, at the same time, informing the king of what had been done. The wine-merchant soon came to inform Voltaire, that it had been altered, so as to make it intirely impossible for him to put it on, and he therefore expected to be paid for it. The poet for some time, regarding him with surprize, insisted that the coat was not cut too little but that he was grown too big for the coat. This answer by no means pleased the merchant, and it was agreed on both sides to refer it to the king. As his majesty had been apprized of what should happen; he was sitting with two of his physicians when the plaintiff and defendant were introduced before him. The wine-merchant was desired to try on the coat before he opened his cause; in this dress he told the whole story, and was heard by his judges with the utmost patience and gravity. When he had concluded, Voltaire begun his defence, insisted that the man had got a dropsy, harranged upon the prominence of the wine-merchant's belly, and finished by entreating the physicians present, to take the poor man's disorder into consideration, as he was so much a greater object of pity, as he was insensible of his distress. The judges seemed greatly touched with the latter part of the poet's harrangue, and refused to hear the merchant, who was earnest in his endeavours to reply. It was unanimously concluded by all present, that the man was hydropical, and the trocar, the instrument with which he was to be tapped, was instantly brandished in his eyes by one of the physicians, while he was incapable of making a retreat, being pinioned by the tightness of the coat. However, when the king had sufficiently enjoyed his distress, he gave him a purse of ten guineas in order to buy a new suit, and Voltaire was left in peaceable possession of the old. With such domestic amusements as these, the king often relaxed the features of wisdom, and frequently with those he loved, indulged such levities as plodding dunces might be apt to call folly.















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